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APRIL 1946

The American Mercury

BLOOD BATH IN FRANCE
WANTED: A GOOD \$5000 HOUSE
POLYGAMY SHOCKS THE MORMONS
WHAT DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT ULCER

Donald B. Robinson

Ruth Moore

Fawn M. Brodie

Joseph D. Wassersug, M.D.



FRED M. VINSON

by Kenneth G. Crawford
and Gilbert W. Stewart

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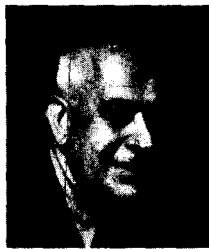
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BIOGRAPHY

MR. LINCOLN'S CAMERA MAN: *Mathew B. Brady*, by Roy Meredith. \$7.50. *Scribner's*. Strangely enough, this is the first full-length study of Mathew Brady (1823-1896), who probably contributed more to Lincoln lore and the lore of the Civil War than any other single man. The very face of the martyred President that comes to everybody's mind at the mention of his name was the one Brady got on his photographic plates; and such pictures as we have of the Civil War are also largely Brady's. When the bitter conflict began Brady was a very successful, fashionable photographer of New York City and Washington, but shortly after the first gun was fired he decided to record the war, and he at once set out for the front with his ponderous equipment and a host of assistants. "I felt I had to go," he said, "a spirit in my feet said go, and I went."

Over a hundred of these photographs, which have never before been published, are here reproduced for the first time. They are magnificent — clear, hard, brutal, humorous, enormously significant. There are also some 200 other photographs by Brady of eminent men and women of his time — Brigham Young, Judge Joseph Story, John Tyler, Stephen A. Douglas, James K. Polk, Edgar Allan Poe, James Fenimore Cooper, Martin Van Buren, Franklin Pierce, Millard Fillmore, Walt Whitman, Jenny Lind, Wendell Phillips, all the outstanding Union and Confederate generals of the war — and, of course, Lincoln. Lincoln was a great admirer of Brady and his work. He said, "Brady and the Cooper Union speech made me President."

Brady's life after the Civil War was a good deal of an anti-climax. He still commanded great respect, but personal tragedy sapped his enthusiasm, and when he died he was desolate. Mr. Meredith records his biography fully, though with little distinction as to style — and the proofreading is atrocious. But the story he tells is so fascinating and the pictures he reproduces so engrossing that his book is a major historical contribution.

RUDYARD KIPLING, by Hilton Brown. \$3.00. *Harper.* A distinguished English novelist here tries to reinstate into critical favor a writer who enjoyed world-wide fame and almost critical approval at the turn of the century. He writes about him, not with gushing praise but with calm judiciousness; he ends, however, by pointing out that Kipling wrote some of the most moving poetry and best short stories of our time. Mr. Brown's able book was long overdue. The critical oblivion that has surrounded the name of Kipling the past three decades has been disgraceful. There is a brief but brilliant introduction by Frank Swinnerton.

THE LOST LANDSCAPE, by Winifred Welles. \$3.00. *Holt.* To the glutted market of family memoirs, this gentle volume contributes a deft literary grace but not a great deal more. Part true and part imagined, the story begins with the author's childhood, and then fades back into the lives of her Connecticut ancestors. Nostalgia and charm substitute for spiritedness and vitality.

STARLING IN THE WHITE HOUSE, as told to Thomas Sugrue by Colonel Edmund W. Starling. \$3.00. *Simon & Schuster.* When Edmund Starling joined the White House Detail of the Secret Service in 1914, he was made Woodrow Wilson's personal bodyguard, and later placed in charge of the entire White House Detail. In his thirty years of service, Starling was closely associated with five Presidents: Wilson, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover and Roosevelt; he was able to observe them daily in private and in public. Strangely enough, however, none of these men, with the possible exception of Calvin Coolidge whom Starling knew best, emerges as a real person; and the book adds little to our knowledge of any of them. Even Starling himself appears a rather vague and shadowy figure.

HISTORY

BATTLE REPORT: The Atlantic War, by Commander Walter Karig, USNR. \$3.50. *Rinehart.* A semi-official account of Naval exploits from the neutrality patrol to the crossing of the Rhine. The longer half of the book concerns the African, Italian, and French invasions; most of the rest is devoted to convoying and anti-submarine

(Continued on page 503)

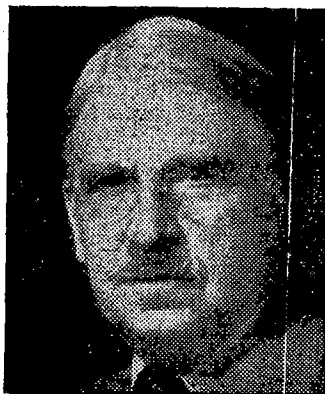
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THE Philosophical Library, Publishers, deems it a privilege to announce the forthcoming publication of a new book by Professor John Dewey.

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Everything that is sound and strong in our democratic faith has been pointed out somewhere in his writings; and, when we feel like rising in defense of, or for the promotion of our liberties, we can find the right words in one of his books or articles. Perhaps precisely because Dewey's thought is so bound up with our national past and with our living present, the more we read of him the more we realize that the problems he discusses are not distant and vague, as they may at first appear, but immediate and urgent — problems that confront men today.

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The American MERCURY

BLOOD BATH IN FRANCE

BY DONALD B. ROBINSON

IN NO other nation of northwestern Europe are there such distrust and loathing between classes and groups as in France today. The bitter dissension which has driven General de Gaulle into retirement and constantly threatens the precarious equilibrium maintained by the Left coalition, is rooted in implacable hate between the moderates, centrists, and rightists on the one hand and the Communists on the other. To the average American observer the searing intensity of this hatred is a matter for astonishment. To an American who witnessed the aftermath of the liberation of southern France, it appears not only understandable but inevitable.

As a member of the Civil Affairs Headquarters of the American Seventh Army, stationed in Marseilles during and after the liberation, I personally witnessed the Communist terror which reigned in southern France after the defeat of the Nazi armies; and I can state that the seeds of today's explosive hates were sowed in that terror and fed by the blood of its victims. Officers of the *Sécurité Militaire* have told me that they estimate the number of these victims at fifty thousand. Most of them were executed by the Communists.

During those months in the summer and autumn of 1944, revolution almost engulfed the south of France,

DONALD B. ROBINSON, now on terminal leave from the Army, arrived in southern France on D-Day, and for six months served as Civil Affairs Officer handling liaison with the French government, press and public. Thereafter he joined General Eisenhower's staff to become Chief Historian for U. S. Military Government. In that post he saw every important document relating to civil affairs. Before the war Mr. Robinson was labor editor for the New York Journal-American. This article is based upon official records which have not yet been released.

and the Communists were doing everything in their power to foment it. That they did not succeed was largely due to the restraining presence of the American Army. But the bitterness engendered by their excesses, the schisms created by their maneuvers, are at the bottom of today's disunity. A people does not easily forget its martyrs or forgive their martyrdom. This is what happened:

On August 15, 1944, the U. S. Seventh Army disembarked along the beaches of the Riviera. As soon as news of the invasion reached them, the Maquis and the French underground, which had resisted the Nazis so magnificently during the occupation, rose and attacked the occupying Nazi troops all over southern France. In the smallest towns and the biggest cities alike, they fought with incredible heroism. For example, in Draguignan, capital of Var, a handful of gendarmes with twenty-four pistols stood off a thousand German soldiers. In Marseilles I watched the Resistance forces — men, women, and even children — attack a crack German division several days before the arrival of the French infantry. From Nice, Toulouse, Lyon, and Dijon came similar tales of heroism. Everywhere the American combat troops paid enthusiastic tribute to the gallantry and effectiveness of the embattled French. The first accounts from the field were unanimous in recounting the wild delight with which the French people were greeting their American liber-

ators, and the apparently excellent organization of the underground Resistance and its cooperative attitude.

But this gratifying picture soon changed. Almost immediately, bitter factionalism broke out among the native population, and the watchword "unity" which had been on all lips at the hour of liberation was forgotten. Within ten days a reign of terror was in full swing all the way from Toulouse in the southwest to Nice and the Italian border. The streets of every city and town were thronged with tough-looking civilians carrying every variety of arms, from stilettos to rifles, hand grenades, and tommy guns. They raced wildly down the boulevards in automobiles whose doors had been removed to permit the occupants to shoot easily on the move. They scoured all sections, looking not only for the hated Vichy militiamen but for anyone else who had incurred their political enmity. Even the liberating Americans were not immune. American soldiers were killed and wounded. I was shot at myself, more than a dozen times.

These gunmen called themselves members of the *Forces Françaises de l'Intérieure* (FFI); but they were not, in the majority, real veterans of the Resistance movement. Most of the veteran FFI men, who had spent years in the mountains of the Haute Savoie or in the Marseilles underground, left the organization as soon as liberation was complete. They felt that their job was finished, and either returned to their families or joined

the French Army for front-line service against the Nazis.

What happened in Marseilles was typical. The FFI totaled about 1600 members when the city was liberated. Within two weeks, according to a report by American Army intelligence officers, this number had swelled to 4500 as "all the hoodlums and grudge-payers flocked to the colors after the fighting was over." The same report stated that soon thereafter the total membership "dropped to about 3000 as the original members, mostly reliable citizens, returned to their normal pursuits leaving the undesirable elements as the great bulk of the organization."

II

Here, among these young thugs and gangsters, was the making of an excellent army for the French Communists, and they quickly recognized it. During the occupation they had concentrated on their own underground organization, the *Franc-Tireurs Partisans Français*, which had fought magnificently against Laval and the Nazis. Now they allowed the FTPF to fade into the background as they captured control of the transformed FFI throughout southern France.

From among these forces they organized street patrols to ferret out alleged collaborationists. These gangs, many of whom were trigger-happy youths of no more than fourteen years, were quick to shoot at anyone who disregarded their order to "halt

and identify yourself." Every night was made hideous by the staccato fusillades of their machine gun fire.

There is no doubt that many of their victims were traitors who deserved to die. But their execution without even a pretense of trial served only to make martyrs of them and shake the faith of other Frenchmen in the possible rebirth of a free, decent France. Moreover, a great many of the victims were innocent. At least two Allied officers who had been carrying on espionage in Vichy France were killed; their FFI captors refused even to inquire of the nearby American Army concerning their claim that they belonged to the Allied forces.

At the famous resort town of Antibes, where scores were unceremoniously shot and hundreds imprisoned, the Communists perpetrated an outrage which might have been envied by the Gestapo. It was officially reported to me by a British intelligence officer.

In retaliation for the killing of a young Communist during a raid on the house of a suspected Vichyite, the FFI went to the Antibes jail and selected at random ten prisoners whose cases had not even been heard. They took them outside, lined them up, and ordered the first one to step forward. They shot him in front of the others. Then they shot the rest, one after another. Among the ten were a husband and wife. The woman was forced to witness the slaying of her husband before she herself stepped up to face the firing squad.

Acts such as these, it can be stated categorically, were typical of the Communist-led terror in every big city and most rural communities. In Marseilles, according to official U. S. Army reports, between 200 and 300 persons were executed without trial. In Toulouse, where the Communist element was very strong, the situation was so tense that residents urged American occupation of the city for a few weeks until "the armed Communist element could be brought under control." This was not done because the American Army was trying very hard to maintain a policy of non-intervention in French civil affairs.

In Nice, however, this policy became impracticable because of the city's proximity to the front lines. Sharp fighting was going on between American forces and German units along the Italian border, not more than thirty miles away. Nice was therefore a key point along the American Army's line of communications, and disorder there was a direct threat to our troops.

Nice was liberated on August 29. Within forty-eight hours Communist-dominated FFI forces had executed 100 persons and imprisoned one thousand. The jail was so crowded that the FFI requisitioned a hotel to house the overflow. When news of these disorders reached General Alexander Patch, commanding the Seventh Army, he sent two of his staff officers, with a couple of French liaison officers, to investigate. They reported that M. Moyon, De-Gaulle-appointed Prefect

of the Department of Alpes-Maritimes, was "trying to bring the Communist forces into line" and was "likely to succeed." They recommended a visit to Nice by M. Aubrac, the Regional Commissioner, and by "a responsible Communist leader such as Portalet." M. Aubrac, a Socialist, did visit Nice a couple of days later, and under Communist pressure replaced Moyon with Pierre Brandon, chief of the Communist-controlled *Front National*.

This change was by no means reassuring to Major General Frederick, commanding the First Airborne Division then engaged on the Italian border. According to a Civil Affairs report, "the General was very worried about public safety and the security of his supply lines. There were loads of arrests. The FFI was running wild and the General was afraid of a demonstration." General Frederick therefore reminded the French civil authorities that at all costs his vital supply lines must be kept open, and "requested that all possible means be employed to demilitarize and disarm those members of the FFI who are wandering around town armed to the teeth with all sorts of weapons." He requested, moreover, a list of recent illegal arrests and executions and intimated that the American Army would not tolerate further acts of the kind.

Confronted with the alternative that the American Army would "take over" the city, the FFI curbed its terrorist activities in Nice, although they did not cease entirely. Marseilles was not so fortunate. Fusillades could

be heard every night all over the city as FFI men sought out and shot their political enemies. Almost every morning dead bodies were found floating in the dirty little Jarret River. The outrages forced General de Gaulle to intervene. On a personal visit to Marseilles he held a closed session with the Communist leaders and in the words of one of his aides who spoke American, "raised holy hell with them." But the nightly shootings continued unabated.

III

Then American officers and men began to draw FFI fire. These "accidents" coincided with a change in the French Communist Party line towards the United States. For the first few weeks after the liberation, all Frenchmen were unanimous in fervent gratitude to the Americans. Then the Communists, evidently fearing that France would turn against Russia, began sniping at our forces. Since most of the newspapers of southern France were Communist-controlled, an almost unanimous tirade of unjustified complaints arose in the press against the American Army. There was also a crescendo of word-of-mouth propaganda. Civil Affairs officers noted an organized Communist-inspired campaign to discredit America and Americans with the French.

It was in this atmosphere that on September 13 an Air Force Ordnance officer, Lieutenant William T. Flynn, was shot through the abdomen by an

FFI man who maintained that his challenge had gone unanswered. An American captain was wounded in the head and arm. An enlisted man was shot in the arm, another through the head and killed. FFI members would stop American Army vehicles and demand to know the identity of their occupants. Often the drivers failed to hear the FFI whistles; whereupon the FFI would open fire without warning. Civil Affairs officers became accustomed to being fired upon once or twice a night.

In Toulon, an enlisted man of the 2678th Civil Affairs Regiment was machine-gunned and killed by two FFI members who fired without warning on a car in which he was riding with another enlisted man, an officer, and a civilian woman. Army intelligence agents quickly rounded up the two gunmen and turned them over to the sub-prefect for incarceration and trial. Both men, it was found, had criminal records. Although they admitted the shooting, the sub-prefect, a Communist, promptly released them, and in spite of repeated protests to the French authorities, at last report neither of the killers had even spent a night in jail.

In Marseilles, representations to the authorities by the Public Safety Officer of the American Civil Affairs Headquarters resulted in an order of September 18, forbidding the FFI, without signed authorization by the Secretary-General for the police, to control automobile traffic in the region. The order also prohibited inter-

ference with military vehicles. But the arms and vehicles of the civilian police had been taken by the Nazis and the FFI, and they were powerless to enforce the order.

As a Civil Affairs Officer I personally made a further protest against the continued FFI shootings to Regional Commissioner Aubrac. He replied that the assassins were "Nazis in disguise." The official minutes of the meeting record that I "expressed disbelief."

The disorders in Marseilles continued for months. French officials in "off the record" conversations made no secret of their fear that the Communists were preparing for an insurrection. General de Gaulle was of course keenly aware of the revolutionary implications of the Communist maneuvers. The situation was critical in view of the large stores of arms which the various Communist organizations were known to have secreted. General de Gaulle made two major moves. A division of French troops "happened" to move through the city, parading through its main streets; and shortly thereafter a regiment of Zouaves was brought in to aid the metropolitan police. Late in October General de Gaulle directed that all Resistance groups be disarmed and their quasi-police activities stopped. The members were given their choice of joining the official *Forces Républicaines de Sécurité*, going into the Army, or returning to civilian life.

This decree was a bombshell to the extremists. All pretense of "national

unity" vanished from their press as it vehemently denounced the de Gaulle administration and accused it of capitulation to the fifth column. General de Gaulle stood firm in his demand for disarmament, but the order was never fully complied with. The French had learned too well during the Nazi occupation to conceal weapons from prying eyes.

While the coastal cities were being torn by Communist violence, the situation was as bad inland. Major Donald L. Sibray, an American coal specialist sent to the mining regions of Gard to help the French reorganize production, reported on October 1 that some five thousand "armed Communists" were terrorizing the whole countryside. Prominent citizens, he reported, were reluctant even to talk to an American officer for fear of "imprisonment and even execution." Major Sibray urged General Henry Parkman, Jr., former Massachusetts Republican Senatorial candidate, who was Chief Civil Affairs Officer for southern France, to confer with the proper French authorities "for the purpose of establishing martial law in this area." But General Parkman, eager to uphold the American policy of non-intervention in French affairs, refused.

IV

He was soon forced to intervene in another connection. In all parts of the South the FFI established drumhead courts whose judges were usually per-

sons acceptable to the Communists. These *cours martiaux*, which had no legal basis whatever, tried thousands of Frenchmen, most of whom were sentenced to death or to long terms of imprisonment. The most notorious of these courts were at Nîmes, Perpignan, and Toulouse. Such a scandal resulted from their illegal and summary proceedings that General Parkman wrote to General de Gaulle's military delegate, General Henri Cochet, insisting that the *cours martiaux* be discontinued and succeeded by ordinary processes of law. Cochet acted promptly. In an urgent memorandum to Regional Commissioner Aubrac he assailed the FFI courts as violating all rules of Republican justice and asked that regular courts be substituted.

Under American prodding the French civil authorities moved to eliminate the FFI courts and substitute legal processes. But the new courts were never numerous enough to take care of the thousands of FFI prisoners languishing in jail without so much as preliminary hearings. At last Aubrac became incensed. He ordered the immediate preparation of a complete dossier on every prisoner in the region, and the release of those against whom no substantial evidence had been collected. Unless this were done at once, he warned, he would release all prisoners.

The reaction of the Communist press was instantaneous and deafening. It raged against the Socialist Aubrac, accusing him of hamstringing the

"purge" and aiding the collaborators. Aubrac was soon removed from office. But his threat resulted in a quicker and smoother grinding of the judicial machinery, although the hue and cry for more heads to roll continued in full blast from left wing quarters.

The possession of arms by French civilians was a source of worry not only to General de Gaulle but to General Eisenhower and his staff at Supreme Headquarters in Versailles. There was the constant threat that armed insurrection in France might cripple the Allied war effort. During the critical winter months, it can now be revealed, the situation became so explosive that General Eisenhower issued top secret orders alerting every Allied Army in France as well as Headquarters, Communication Zone, to the imminent possibility of a French uprising. All commanders were ordered to be ready to use their troops to quell disorder. In the opinion of many observers, only realization that the Allied Armies were prepared to maintain order restrained the French Communists from making an armed bid for power during that period.

Thus checkmated, they concentrated their energies on a determined campaign to undermine the de Gaulle Government and to arouse dissatisfaction among the people. In this they had as their allies cold, hunger, the tragic consequences of growing inflation, the general breakdown of the national economy, and the wrangling among the other political parties.

All this is known. One aspect of

their operations, however, deserves special attention — their resort to anti-Semitism as a divisive technique. From personal knowledge I can say that in the summer of 1945 the French Communists adopted a Jew-baiting policy as an integral part of the "Party line."

This propaganda, which was shrewdly designed to discredit the few Jewish officials working with General de Gaulle, was made up of the usual canards: "The Jews are running the government;" "The Jews own all the department stores;" "No one but a Jew can get a part in the Paris theatre."

Action followed propaganda as the Communists organized anti-Jewish demonstrations, exploiting for the purpose the discontent of repatriated prisoners of war who had been exposed for six years to Nazi anti-Semitic teachings. These men had returned to economic conditions so appalling that many of them found themselves unable even to replace their prison-worn

clothing. The Communists organized them and sent them crashing into Paris clothing stores to help themselves. The ostensible motive for these "spontaneous" demonstrations was the desire to call public attention to the plight of the returned prisoners. But it was significant that the "demonstrations" usually took place in the Jewish sections, that the shops raided were usually Jewish-owned, and that the Jewish proprietors were usually beaten up in the process.

"Incidents Between Returned Prisoners and Jews" ran the restrained headlines of the Paris edition of the *Herald Tribune*. Once again Jewish blood was being spilled and Jewish property destroyed by political opportunists in a calculated attempt to whip up fratricidal hate.

Such is the fuel under the bubbling cauldron of hate that is France today. If it boils over into further bloodshed and death, the world should at least know who is responsible.



Mental Blindness —

Talk to a blind man — he knows he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant that he wants them. It is most unpleasant to converse with such persons on subjects of taste, philosophy, or religion. Of course, there is no *reasoning* with them, for they do not possess the facts, on which the reasoning must be grounded. Nothing is possible but a naked dissent, which implies a sort of unsocial contempt; or — what a man of kind disposition is very likely to fall into — a heartless tacit acquiescence, which borders too nearly on duplicity.

— SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: *Notebooks*

POLYGAMY SHOCKS THE MORMONS

BY FAWN M. BRODIE

IN Salt Lake City in June 1944 fifteen men were convicted of polygamy and sentenced to prison terms of one to four years. Their numerous wives grimly set about caring by themselves for some 283 children, steadfastly maintaining that polygamy would never die. Now, one by one, these men are being released or paroled, and Utah again is alive with rumor.

The years have wrought a strange reversal in Mormon attitude since the law first turned its face against the custom of plural marriage back in the 1880's. Then, when Rudger Clawson, the first Mormon elder to be jailed for polygamy, was released from three years in the penitentiary, he was paraded in the streets like a military hero and rewarded with a high church position. The enthusiastic welcome buoyed up the faith of hundreds of his fellow churchmen who were still incarcerated; a halo of martyrdom surrounded the pious people who decorously bided their time in the crowded little federal prison in Salt Lake City amid the boisterous company of train robbers and murderers.

There are no parades for the modern polygamists. They are heroes only to their wives and a few friends. For Mormonism is as united against them as it was united sixty years ago in defending polygamy and defying the United States government. The arrest of the fifteen "fundamentalists" in 1944 followed hard upon an appeal by the highest Mormon authorities that they be brought to justice. And a member of the Mormon Church was their prosecutor, United States Assistant District Attorney John S. Boyden.

Here surely is a curious evolution. A tiny sect, numbering at the most 2,500 members, has tried to revive a practice which once dominated the Mormon community, only to find that community arrayed solidly against it.

The about-face is all the more impressive in view of the long and zealous adherence to polygamy which once characterized the Church of the Latter-Day Saints. The custom was practiced secretly among the Mormons from early in the 1840's, when Joseph Smith announced a revelation from God permitting every man the

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

privilege of taking at least "ten virgins" as his wives, and threatening damnation to anyone who scorned the opportunity altogether. Brigham Young advocated polygamy openly after 1852, and for almost half a century it was practiced and defended in Utah in the face of terrific social and governmental opposition. Finally in 1890, to win statehood and peace, a new Mormon President, Wilford Woodruff, issued a Manifesto renouncing the practice though not the principle of polygamy, and the Mormons started up the long road to respectability.

Woodruff's Manifesto was not proclaimed as a revelation from God, although the President of the Church theoretically speaks as God's mouthpiece. For some years thereafter new polygamous marriages in Canada and Mexico, where numerous polygamists had fled, were officially sanctioned by the Church. But most Mormons accepted the end of polygamy without protest, perhaps even with relief.

II

How is it that the overwhelming majority of Mormons can so soon forget the savage persecution of their fathers and grandfathers, ignore the famous marriage law which was so long a fundamental tenet of their theology, and look with apathy or outright hostility upon the zealous handful who still cling to it? There are many answers to this question. No one of them alone is wholly satisfactory.

By the end of the nineteenth century, polygamy had become a social anachronism in Puritan America, and defending it was hopeless in an age of abolitionism, temperance, and female emancipation. Then too, polygamy was rapidly becoming economically impossible at the time the majority of the Mormons gave it up. Utah simply didn't have enough arable land to be divided among the polygamist children of more than one generation.

There is reason to believe also that the women secretly hated polygamy. No promise of heavenly reward could quite compensate for the humiliation, social degradation and tragedy inherent in the plural wife role. Of course, once a woman accepted polygamy it became imperative that she defend it publicly lest she reduce her social position to concubinage and that of her children to bastardy. The more social ostracism from the non-Mormon world, the harder she fought to maintain her status. Yet the stories are common enough among polygamous families in Utah that when they learned of Woodruff's Manifesto, the women wept on their doorsteps and asked each other, "Why could it not have come sooner?"

A religious sect with the fanatical zeal of the Mormons does not, however, relinquish its fundamental practices in the face of social or economic pressures without tenacious resistance. Joseph Smith's famous revelation on polygamy was not an invitation but a command. No Mormon could ignore it without trembling for his crown in

the celestial kingdom. It took more than poverty or gentile pressure or the troubled resentment of their women to make the Mormons reject what they had so long fought for.

Actually what they could not bear — though few of them ever recognized it — was the ever-accumulating unconscious burden of guilt which polygamy inflicted upon them. For the Mormons were in most respects even more Puritanical than their neighbors — they abhorred tobacco, alcohol, and even the milder stimulants of tea and coffee. Their fanatical punishment of adultery was only one expression of their sensitivity to the gentile accusation of libertinism and licentiousness. Like most other middle-class Americans they longed for respectability. There was too much of New England in their consciousness to permit them to continue in polygamy without being perpetually on the defensive and uneasy at heart.

Perhaps, therefore, a legacy of unconscious shame serves best to explain the anomalous attitude of the modern Mormon, who invariably justifies the polygamy of his ancestors and just as staunchly curses the polygamy of the modern "fundamentalists." Today's generation will always defend polygamy in its historical context. They will tell you that it was the most sensible economic system for colonizing the vast Great Basin, that it took care of the surplus of women (which actually did not exist in Utah, nor in any other frontier area), that it prevented prostitution and infanticide.

All the arguments have a flavor of defensive rationalization. Not one modern Mormon in fifty will uphold polygamy as God's perfect marriage code. Indeed, the son or daughter of an old-time Mormon polygamist is inordinately proud of being the child of a "first wife." He is happy to have escaped something uncomfortably close to the stigma of bastardy, for what is now clearly wrong could hardly have been entirely right in his father's day.

Furthermore, these same Mormons cannot speak of the new polygamist cult without sorrow or anger. They will condemn the men in precisely the same moral terms that the gentiles used against their fathers; they see the women caught in a wheel of poverty, interminable child-bearing, and social debasement. And they refuse to pay the slightest attention to the elaborate structure of historical justification which the "fundamentalist" has erected to defend his case.

The "fundamentalist" is above all a student of Mormon history, and he has unearthed and publicized just those episodes that the devout Mormon is most eager to forget. As contemporary zealots produce more and more evidence from the past to bolster their cause, the Mormon community as a whole more and more tightly closes its ears to them.

The "fundamentalists" draw most of their verbal ammunition from the life story of Joseph Smith, the great prophet-martyr who founded the Church and its custom of polygamy

as well. By the same token, it is against these revelations of Smith's life that the rank and file of churchmen react most strongly. The average Mormon knows a good deal about the history of his Church, but he learns this history in church schools and Sunday-schools, and is not aware that the emphasis of this ecclesiastical education has subtly changed over the past half century. He can tell you about the prophet's visions, his prophecies, and his martyrdom, but if you ask him the number of Joseph Smith's wives, he will be forced to confess complete ignorance. If you point out to him, as the "fundamentalists" are fond of doing, that one of the ablest Mormon historians, Andrew Jenson, back in 1887 compiled and printed in the *Historical Record* a list of the prophet's wives numbering twenty-seven, he will be profoundly shocked.

The latest official church biography of Joseph Smith, one by Preston Nibley, lists no plural wives whatever and dismisses the whole subject of Joseph Smith's polygamy in two ambiguous sentences. Mormon historians are now not only anxious to forget the past, but actively suppress the activities of would-be researchers in Mormon archives.

It is possible, however, from a multitude of already published documents, and from the fine manuscript collection recently acquired by the Utah State Historical Society Library from the WPA Historical Records Survey and Federal Writers Project, to reconstruct the story of the intro-

duction of polygamy by Joseph Smith. And it is a story that will astonish even the "fundamentalists." Even the briefest outline, which is all that can be told here, serves to highlight how much the Mormons have forgotten.

III

Only the historians in Utah remember that the first whispers of polygamy in the life of Joseph Smith came eight years before he dictated the revelation authorizing it. As early as 1835 in Kirtland, Ohio, his name was linked with Fannie Alger, an attractive seventeen-year-old orphan who lived for a time in his own household. Legend has it that Joseph Smith's first wife, Emma, drove her out of the house, and it is said that Fannie herself steadfastly refused to discuss the episode. Whatever the actual nature of this relationship, it is clear from unpublished letters of the prophet's friends, Oliver Cowdery and Benjamin F. Johnson, that the Mormons in Kirtland looked upon it as a scandal, and Joseph Smith must quickly have realized that it is easier for a prophet to change marriage laws than to contravene them. Since the wrong was but a wrong in the world, and the world lay in his hand, he might easily make it right.

After seven years of married life, monogamy seemed to him — as it has seemed to many men who have not ceased to love their wives, but who have grown weary of connubial exclusiveness — an intolerably circum-

scribed way of life. "Whenever I see a pretty woman," he once said to a friend, "I have to pray for grace." But Joseph Smith was no careless libertine who could be content with clandestine mistresses. There was too much of the Puritan in him, and he could not rest until he had redefined the nature of sin and erected a stupendous theological edifice to support his new theories on marriage. Once this edifice was complete, once he had satisfied himself and his key men that Biblical polygamy was God's perfect marriage system, he entered into it with the tremendous enthusiasm that was characteristic of all his enterprises.

Probably no one will ever know exactly how many women he married. Brigham Young said frankly to William Hepworth Dixon in 1866: "I myself sealed dozens of women to Joseph." Many of these women in later years proudly swore to affidavits giving the details of their respective marriage ceremonies, and making it clear that these ceremonies permitted all connubial privileges. Others were content to record the marriages secretly in their diaries. An exhaustive examination of all the available documents reveals that the number of Joseph Smith's wives may have reached fifty, most of them taken during the three-year period before he was killed.

Furthermore — and no Mormon historian has ever cared to point this out — at least a dozen of Smith's brides were already married women with living husbands. And those husbands usually did not know of their

wives' relations with the prophet. After Joseph Smith's death, the faithful Jedediah Grant felt obliged to rationalize his leader's propensity for married women. "Did the Prophet Joseph want every man's wife he asked for?" he said in a sermon in Salt Lake City in 1855. "He did not . . . the grand object in view was to try the people of God to see what was in them."

It was not until Joseph Smith had married perhaps thirty women that the revelation commanding polygamy was finally written down. According to Brigham Young, Emma Smith burned what she thought was the only copy, and worked passionately against the new marriage order. But the only result was to drive her husband into ever greater secrecy. After his death she pronounced defiantly what she knew to be untrue: "He had no other wife but me. . . . He did not have improper relations with any woman that ever came to my knowledge." This was her revenge and solace for years of secret humiliation. Whatever formal ceremony her husband might have gone through, he had never acknowledged one of his plural wives before the world. This was her great triumph and she made the most of it.

Her four sons clung grimly to their mother's word, despite the irate testimony of women whom Joseph Smith had married and of the guards who had shadowed him when he paid nocturnal visits to their homes. And the eldest son eventually founded a separatist church — the Reorganized Church

of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, with headquarters in Independence, Missouri — which holds to this day that polygamy was a monstrous fraud conceived and developed by Brigham Young without Joseph Smith's knowledge or consent. Like all the other Mormon groups, this Church selects out of the vivid jig-saw of Mormon history only those pieces which please it.

IV

What is really significant today, of course, is not whether Joseph Smith's plural wives numbered twenty-seven or more than forty-seven, but rather the astonishing submergence as far as the Mormon people are concerned of the fact that he had any plural wives at all. The passage of slightly more than a hundred years has been sufficient for history to be replaced by triumphant legend. The magnificent immoderation with which Joseph Smith embraced polygamy has been forgotten along with his money-digging, his financial speculations, and his political ambition. Gone, too, is all memory of his jollity, kindness, love of sport and good living, his ath-

letic grace, and his prodigious personal charm. What remains is a kind of deity, a holy figure who communed with God, and who suffered hideous persecution and final martyrdom because he dared to restore to earth the true Church of Christ.

Among all the devout Mormons only the "fundamentalists" are interested in broadening this picture of the prophet to include at least in part the pattern of his marriages. Small wonder that these people are so resented. For by practicing and advocating polygamy they not only revive the general sense of shame and guilt which has been so successfully buried beneath a complexity of rationalizations and dimming memories, but also they cast a blight on the holy image of Joseph Smith. This image, towering as it does far above that of any other Mormon leader, has become a symbol of spiritual strength. The epic legend of his life, from which all excesses have been obliterated, is the great cohesive force within the Church. Any facts of history which tend to mock that legend will simply not be tolerated. For truth is an impertinence, and cannot be suffered to disturb the celestial harmonies.



*T*OMORROW a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

— EMERSON

FRED M. VINSON

BY KENNETH G. CRAWFORD AND GILBERT W. STEWART, JR.

SECRETARY of Treasury Fred M. Vinson is one of the results of Roosevelt's cross-breeding of southern and border state Democratic politics with New Deal ideology. The species is winning all the blue ribbons and the best show cups right now, and it will go on being top dog in American politics for several years to come. Its points are worth studying. President Truman himself is one of its variants, but his thinking is less clear cut, his personality less determined, and his shadow on the future of America less distinct than Vinson's.

Vinson, more than any other figure on the Washington scene, perhaps, personifies American thinking on questions of public policy at the close of the Second World War. His basic attitudes are those he brought with him to Washington in 1924 as a Congressman from a small town in Kentucky, where he had been a successful, small-college-trained lawyer. They are the attitudes of a man who made good in the American free enterprise system and wants this system perpetuated. Superimposed on these atti-

tudes, however, are more than twenty years' experience in all the branches of a government which has found it increasingly necessary to modify the free enterprise system by regulating the activities of the individual in order to protect society as a whole in a shrinking world.

What Vinson's many pronouncements on public policy add up to is a measured endorsement of a mixed economy — a large area of protected but heavily taxed private enterprise and a smaller area of public enterprise, capable of quick expansion in times of economic stress. He favors full employment and a high level economy assured by compensatory government spending at times when private initiative alone is incapable of keeping the wheels turning fast enough. America, he has said, must get accustomed to a higher standard of living than it maintained before the war. For the immediate future, he feels that prices must be held firm but that wages must rise. The country's capacity for increased efficiency in production will make this possible.

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"After the war," Vinson has said, "the American system must be dynamic, with expanding business, expanding markets, expanding employment and opportunity. The American people are in the pleasant predicament of having to learn to live 50 per cent better than they have ever lived before. Only the defeatist can scoff at the inescapable fact that we must build our economy on that basis."

Vinson reasons that technology has improved enough and the American worker has gained enough efficiency in the operation of technology's tools to make the higher standard of living he talks about almost immediately possible. Conservatives in Congress disagree; they contend that living standards can only be raised very gradually.

But Vinson insists that if private enterprise won't or can't do the job of giving America more food, more houses, more automobiles and all the rest, the government must be ready to put its thumb in the pie and help squeeze out the plums. The squeeze can be applied, according to the economic gospel of Vinson, by management of the federal budget.

"We need to consider and formulate a total budget in relation to the total economic situation," he says. "A fiscal policy developed on this basis can stimulate private expenditure either by reducing taxes or increasing public spending whenever private spending appears inadequate to sustain full employment. It can raise taxes or reduce government

spending whenever the level of private spending threatens inflation. Further, each type of tax and each type of expenditure must be appraised in terms of economic consequences."

Vinson thinks the government will spend regularly about \$25,000,000,000 a year in the future — three times as much as it did before the war. He proposes to raise this sum by personal income taxes reaching down into the pockets of families with modest incomes, but steeply graduated to hit the rich hardest. At the same time he favors an easing of taxes on business to encourage risk-taking. In other words, he doesn't want to soak the rich until they have the money in their individual socks. While they keep it working in productive enterprise, Vinson would help them hang onto it. At the same time he would ease the tax burden on the poor by abolishing, insofar as possible, all excise and sales taxes.

At the moment there isn't any label for this philosophy. While Roosevelt lived, acceptance of its tenets made one a New Dealer. This Vinson was. But the New Deal was born of economic crisis and it was a casualty of war. It was a patchwork, at best, and not an over-all plan. In the postwar era it must be refined and its pieces related if it is to survive in a world which is moving toward democratic state socialism, as in England, or dictatorship in the name of the proletariat, as in Russia and the vast areas of Europe and Asia which the Soviets

are penetrating. Judging from opinion polls and other measures of public temper, the nation wants a new and better New Deal, and Vinson and men like him will be its leaders. The Byrds and the Bilbos from Vinson's own South and their northern collaborators, like Taft, are peddling a line of goods for which there seems to be small demand.

II

In 1948, if the Democrats renominate Truman, as they probably will, Vinson will have to be considered for the vice-presidential nomination. Already he has established himself among his colleagues in the administration and among congressmen, if not with the public, as the strong man of the Truman administration. Being the strong man of an administration which has made no show of Herculean strength may not be much of an achievement, but it will probably look better by 1948. As between Vinson and Byrnes, the smart money is on the Treasury's entry even now. Vinson is rated the abler man by those who should know and he doesn't carry as heavy political handicaps. The Secretary of State has made more enemies and his mistakes have received more attention.

Vinson is a serious student of government and, more important, a cagey politician. He customarily wears his head close to his shoulders, neck retracted. In Congress he went down the line with President Roosevelt on

almost every issue, which meant that he supported some extremely unpopular legislation, including the so-called Supreme Court packing bill, yet he made few if any enemies in Congress and his Kentucky constituents never seemed to mind. They resented him only once — when he outraged their Baptist sensibilities in 1928 by supporting Al Smith. That year they refused to send Vinson back to Congress, but they relented in 1930. Thereafter, he probably could have held his seat for life if he hadn't decided, in 1937, to accept an appointment to the District of Columbia Court of Appeals, a \$12,500-a-year life job. The raise (a Congressman's salary was \$10,000) and the security attracted him.

But Vinson had been in Congress so long that he couldn't get used to the cloistered atmosphere of the federal bench. To relieve the boredom, he worked out a pay-as-you-go revenue plan that featured a withholding tax and a gradual transition from past to current collections but without the forgiveness provisions of the Ruml plan, which caused so much commotion. Part of his scheme became law. He was frequently consulted by the Congressmen who pushed through the withholding tax bill. While still in Congress, Vinson had fathered the undistributed profits tax, which was adopted by Congress but presently lobbied off the statute books by organized business, and the social security tax schedule, which is still in force. Whatever his job in the government,

Vinson has always fancied himself a tax expert first and a legislator, judge or administrative official, whichever he happened to be, second.

In May 1943, Vinson gladly quit the bench to accept President Roosevelt's appointment as boss of the Office of Economic Stabilization, whose duty it was to keep wartime prices in check. In that job he fought with Marvin Jones, chief of the War Food Administration, about farm prices, with former Secretary of Interior Ickes about oil prices, and with almost everyone else in the government who wanted to stimulate war production by giving the producers just a little more money. He even fought a minor engagement with Senator Harry Truman over railroad wages when Truman took up for the Brotherhoods. As usual, Vinson left a trail of former foes but no enemies. One need only compare what happened to prices in the first World War and in the second to conclude that Vinson did an effective job at OES.

Early in 1945, when Roosevelt decided to kick Jesse Jones out of the government and to appoint Henry Wallace Secretary of Commerce, the hue and cry in Congress portended trouble with Wallace's confirmation in the Senate. So, to assure confirmation, the President decided to appoint someone else Federal Loan Administrator and to permit complete separation of the two jobs, both of which had been held by Jones. This device got Wallace by the Senate. Looking around for a Loan Administrator —

somebody who would be readily acceptable to the Senate but also loyal to the New Deal — Roosevelt tapped Vinson. The Senate's reluctance to trust Wallace and its readiness to accept Vinson, whose public statements and record are not very different from Wallace's, is a testimonial to Vinson's way with his associates at the Capitol. No senator has ever accused him of wanting to give a quart of milk a day to every Hottentot, probably because almost every senator has at one time or another heard Vinson deploring the dreamers in government while lobbying for some reform that was once somebody else's dream. Although not himself an innovator, Vinson has supported many innovations.

Vinson was the Loan Administrator only three weeks. At the end of that time Byrnes, who had retired from the Supreme Court to become administrator of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion, the top correlating war job, suddenly gave it up. The President turned to Vinson and again Vinson accepted. He immediately set about the task of planning to reconvert industry back to peace production. He had to grope his way in the dark because he had no way of knowing how long the Japanese war would last and, therefore, how long the national economy would have to support both peace and a single-front war. Considering the circumstances, a much worse job could have been done. Insofar as reconversion has followed any pattern, it is the pattern Vinson cut while managing the Office

of War Mobilization and Reconversion. Much of President Truman's legislative program was the outgrowth of Vinson's plan for peace. This planning made him the obvious choice for Morgenthau's place when the President got around to organizing a cabinet of his own.

For a time Vinson's promotions came so fast that Washington wiseacres, every time an impending appointment was discussed, asked how Vinson was going to like it, and the Kentucky Society of Washington all but festooned the Capital in blue grass. Its celebrations in honor of the Kentuckian who made good, lavishly reported in the Washington press, were redolent of man-who oratory, you-all flutterings and attendant corn.

III

Vinson has been described with remarkable accuracy in a weekly news magazine as a man who looks like an intelligent sheep with a hangover. His face sags and his blue-suited girth is ample. One knows at a glance that this man is not lacking in self-confidence. He is not offended by reminders that his average grade at Centre College was a phenomenal 98. He has always had a remarkable memory for figures and a nice talent for Homer. He sometimes suggests a toned-down and more reserved version of Claghorn. There is not much resemblance left of the college athlete and the semi-pro ball player but, after all, the statesman is fifty-six.

The Vinsons live quietly in a Washington hotel with a sixteen-year-old son who is a high school student. An older son served in the Army Air Forces through the war. Vinson's only bad habit is incessant pipe smoking and his favorite diversion is bridge, but he doesn't have much time for it. When he does play, his bidding is reckless and he does best with a conservative partner. On his nights out he can be persuaded to have a bourbon and water or two, practically the official drink of the Truman administration.

Mrs. Vinson, the former Roberta Dixon, is eight years the judge's junior and one of the most popular matrons of the so-called official set. In Louisa, Kentucky, where her father ran one bank and Vinson's the other, her father one political faction and Vinson's the other, she was the star electionist of the town and producer of all the local dramatic enterprises. The Vinson-Dixon match, when the Judge was thirty-three and she twenty-five, put a stop to what, among Louisa's three thousand inhabitants, had come to be known as the Vinson-Dixon feud, which never quite got to the shooting stage.

Vinson tackles an administrative or policy problem by what he calls the saturation method. He soaks himself in information and then lets the facts suggest the answer. When the answer comes, it is his own. He has a group of employees who have been with him a long time and who are, in a sense, his brain trust, but they provide the fac-

tual material, not the decision. Once his mind is made up, he is tenacious. Even though, in Congress, he followed Roosevelt and called himself a New Dealer, he didn't hesitate to oppose the President on occasion, as, for example, on the soldiers' bonus issue.

Since coming to the Treasury, Vinson has done a number of important chores for Truman. He was one of the negotiators of the British loan. At one point he called a British bluff — a threat to terminate the negotiations — and won. In the end, it was he who closed the deal. While the terms were not exactly what he wanted, they were closer to his proposal than to the State Department's. Insiders said he held up his end well with Lord Maynard Keynes. Vinson came through the negotiations firmly convinced that Britain had to have American help to survive in the new world and determined to give the fight for the loan in Congress everything he had. His earnestness bubbled over in a speech in Philadelphia last January. He said: "The significance of the financial agreement with Britain goes far beyond its economic effects, important though they are. This is a world in which all countries must work together if we are to live in peace and prosperity. The alternative — God save us — is to perish together. Mankind certainly has the wit and the will to choose not death but life."

Vinson also steered the Truman Full Employment Bill through Congress. This measure, designed to give effect to the theory of a federal budget

geared to the national economy in such a way that the government could undertake a program of compensatory public enterprise spending at any time, was so devitalized in the process of going through the Senate and House that it wasn't much more than dish water when it finally came through. But it made a start and it is doubtful whether anyone in the administration other than Vinson could have accomplished even that.

Otherwise, Vinson's Treasury career, up to now, has not been particularly distinguished. He sponsored legislation to cut taxes — mostly on corporation excess profits and low individual incomes — about \$5,000,000,000 a year. Congress grabbed the opportunity to raise the ante further. In this, Vinson was only swimming with a strong current — a current, incidentally, which might better have been bucked a while longer. The quick retreat from high war taxes, on a basis that encouraged corporations not to produce for the market until after the first of this year, has been called one of the bad mistakes of the administration. Where interest rates are concerned, on the other hand, Vinson has successfully resisted heavy pressure for increases. He has made it plain that he will keep up the fight for cheap money as a permanent policy of the government. So far as he is concerned, the good old 6 per cent sure thing has gone the way of the good five-cent cigar.

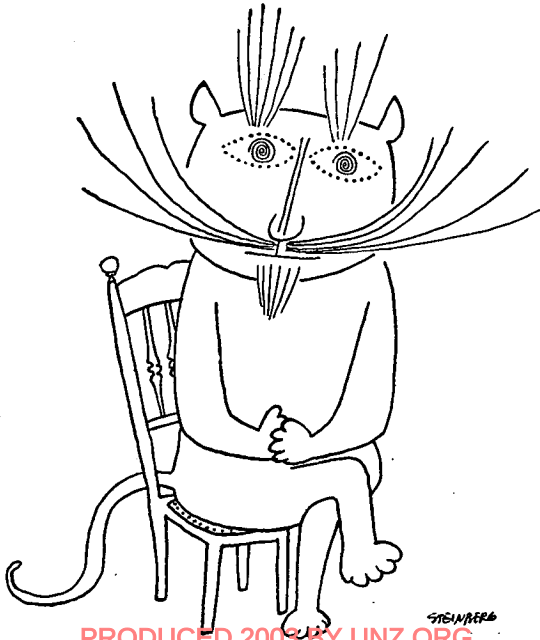
On this he has said:

"Interest rates determine the real

burden of the debt. They should continue low for a long time to come. It is self-evident that this is in the interest of people as taxpayers. Not as evident, but just as valid, is that low interest rates . . . benefit the people as consumers, as workers, and as citizens. Low interest rates, for example, will be an important factor in making possible the better homes, the better industrial plants, and the better public facilities which will make our country tomorrow more productive and a better place to live in. . . ."

Vinson's public policy pronouncement

are not very exciting. They suggest that the great bulk of Americans can be made a little more comfortable and healthy and that the poles of extreme wealth and extreme poverty can be moved a little closer together. He would achieve this much with social and economic techniques already partially tested by the New Deal and by the war. His revolution has already been brought off by Franklin D. Roosevelt. He simply wants to consolidate territory already won or within easy reach. He may turn out to be the great consolidator.



WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE CLERGY?

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

WHY is it," a friend asks, "that the country which produced such eminent preachers as William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker and Phillips Brooks is now, it is universally admitted, producing a quality of religious leaders generally inferior to these giants? For every Harry Emerson Fosdick, there are a thousand who have little to say, and say it so poorly that they have difficulty in holding their congregations together."

The question which my friend asks is not novel, nor is it unique. It is, in the terms of our religious life, the concrete statement of a general cultural problem. Why are there no modern statesmen to sway the Senate of the United States with the oratory of a Henry Clay? Why is there no lawyer among us to argue before the Supreme Court with the eloquence that inspired Daniel Webster's plea for Dartmouth College? Still more poignantly, why have these tragic times failed to find an Abraham Lincoln, loudly as they have called for him?

One or two obvious answers suggest themselves. It may well be that those giants of the nineteenth century owed

their eminence, in part at least, to the then lower level of general culture. The undergrowth of common intelligence and skills is a much higher stand today than it was then. By contrast, our great white pines, even if they can still be found, do not overtop the scene as once they did.

Once again, the problem may be that of *autres jours, autres moeurs*. There was in those men of yesterday something of the temper of the poet. They lived in the afterglow of the romantic movement. A ground swell of feeling moved beneath their words; there was a cadence in their style; they gave free rein to their imagination. And they spoke to hearers for whom great poets were a matter of mental second nature. A discerning critic of our times has said that this is the main difference between those times and our time: poetry was then a natural vehicle for self-expression and the communication of ideas; ours is an age of prose. English prose has never before been as supple and as accurate as it is now, but in the nature of the case its skills are addressed mainly to tasks of description and

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definition, rather than to literary creation. Be that as it may, the sermons that were preached by those giants of yesterday could not be re-preached today, were their authors to come again; they would fall, not so much on hard hearts as on deaf ears. Dr. Fosdick is, indeed, a great preacher, but he preaches to the contemporary mind in a much different vein.

The problem today is not so much the possible influence of the single outstanding preacher as that of the church as a whole. There is no doubt — and I am speaking of our Protestant churches only — that this influence is not what it once was, nor is it what in theory it ought to be.

If, for the moment, we may leave the giants of yesterday at their lonely altitude, and come down to the lower levels of the ministerial rank and file, there is little difficulty in understanding the declining influence of the profession as a whole. The tests and standards for ordination are not keeping abreast of those for law, medicine and teaching. Nor are they maintaining the relatively high level which, in many instances, churches set themselves in the past.

A few years ago the Institute of Social and Religious Research made an exhaustive study of the Protestant ministry of the United States. Its findings were sobering in the extreme. For example, the Congregational ministers of New England, who probably headed the professional classes in Colonial times, were 100 per cent college

graduates in the year 1700. Today not more than 70 per cent have graduated from college. A ministry with such declining standards cannot command the hearing it once enjoyed.

Given the American Protestant ministry as a whole, the figures are little short of alarming. Theoretically a minister, like members of the other learned professions, should have a four year college course followed by three or four years of graduate professional study. The survey found that only 22 per cent of the group as a whole are graduates of both college and theological seminary; 29 per cent are graduates of either college or seminary, and 49 per cent are graduates of neither college nor seminary.

The situation as a whole is occasion for profound uneasiness as to the future prospects of American Protestantism. Established institutions in modern society require and deserve competent leadership, if they are to survive. The gulf between the standards required for the practice of law and medicine, as for teaching positions in accredited schools and colleges, and those which obtain in the ministry is steadily widening. Even if the profession of the ministry can maintain its present inadequate ratio of well trained men, the standard in the other professions goes on rising. The average American doctor, lawyer or teacher has to be technically a much better trained man than the minister. The community cannot help but mark the contrast, and the prestige of the ministry suffers in consequence.

II

To my mind the problem of American Protestantism in its totality is, in many ways, far more important than that of the dearth in our pulpits of occasional men of outstanding eminence. The solution of this problem lies with the churches by themselves. The Protestant ministry in this country must command not merely the moral confidence of a people; it must command also their intellectual respect.

And now, what of the odd 20 per cent of our ministers who have had something like a decent professional education, yet fail to achieve the eminence of Channing and Parker and Brooks? There is no denying the fact that even within this group the better men still suffer by contrast with our more brilliant doctors, lawyers and teachers. To put it bluntly, why does the ministry fail to attract our best college students, best in intellectual ability and promise?

This is a hard question to answer. It is not as though such men, in college, are uniformly uninterested in religion or antipathetic to it. Our Arts colleges still have their share of those healthy young animals whom Matthew Arnold once called "young barbarians all at play." But, if the general opinion of college faculties is to be trusted, their charges are today more sober, more hard-working, more concerned to help their world than they have ever been before.

Many such men have an interest

in religion in general — its history, its literature, its major systems of thought. This interest is, however, a private and lay matter; it seldom anticipates the ministry as a life work. My own impression is that the failure of this type of student, who is by no means unknown to us, to go on into the ministry is primarily due to his advance suspicion that, if he were to be ordained, his ordination would cost him his intellectual freedom and his honesty.

"Churches," as William James once reminded us in a memorable passage, "when once established live at second hand upon tradition." In many instances these traditions, as they are formulated in creeds and articles of belief, seem to modern youth far too much a matter of ancient history. In our orthodox churches there is today a general tendency to abandon what is said to be the outmoded liberalism of the last two hundred years, and, in want of any other contemporary apparatus, to revert to the Protestant confessions of the sixteenth century or the Catholic *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth century. Many a thoughtful young student feels the need of a fresh approach to the world of religious ideas, but he is not inclined to resign from the thinking of the twentieth century and revert to the formulas of a distant past.

Furthermore, the theological tests presupposed for ordination in most denominations seem to youth to threaten its intellectual freedom in the area where liberty is most precious

— that of one's personal religious convictions. The possible candidate for ordination sees himself in a strait jacket which is to restrict his liberty of thought and speech; he shrinks from the prospect. He is not willing to be "cabin'd, cribb'd and confined" for the sake of becoming a minister. Conversely, the more liberal churches, which are willing to take him on his own recognizance, seem to him to have become so wide open as to be void of any distinctive content. This is a problem to which churches must address themselves at first hand, rather than at "second hand upon tradition," if they are to attract the ablest students in our colleges.

In the next place, the appeal of the sciences, and of those professions which make use of the sciences, is at present much stronger than that of the humanities. If our churches lack the commanding preachers of a past generation, our colleges lack outstanding humanists of equal stature.

There is a residual or latent discoverer in every one of us. In other days this urge satisfied itself in the terms of geographical exploration. But now the possibilities in that area are almost exhausted. The prospect of any real "newness" in our world has been transferred to such fields as physics, biochemistry, and the like. What have either theology or philosophy to offer eager youth in the way of authentic novelty to match the opportunities in radar or cancer research? Physicists and chemists and doctors are out in the bow of the

ship, where society is cutting its way into an uncharted sea. By contrast, parsons and philosophers seem to be hanging over the stern rail, in a reminiscent contemplation of the wake of history.

A great educator has said that it is the business of science to ask "how," and of the humanities to ask "why." The modern mind — and this means the minds of our most alert college students — has become so preoccupied with answering the question "how" that it tends to dodge or at least to defer the question "why."

Religion in general and the ministry in particular represent a reflective concern for human experience in its totality, which is no part of our preoccupation with technics. My own observation is that students going out of college into medical school are usually keener men than those going into the ministry. They have a genuine desire to help the world, and, as things now stand, the prospect of helping the world seems more likely of realization in the terms of medicine than in those of the ministry. Two men associated with the Harvard Society of Fellows have succeeded in recent years in fabricating synthetic quinine. They have thus liberated our whole land from dependence upon uncertain sources of foreign supply. They are national benefactors. There are, in such fields, countless doors open into productive work. The ministry today seems, even to men of good will who may well have a private interest in religion, to open merely

onto some threshing floor where most of the wheat was harvested long ago, leaving only the chaff. Medical research will eventually discover the cause, and thus the possible cure of cancer. This will be an inestimable boon to suffering humanity. But religion is concerned with the ultimate and total problem of evil, and to this problem there may never be any single specific, conclusive answer.

III

We live in an age of precision instruments and of exact intellectual procedures. The fascination of these instruments and processes is such that we cannot blame youth for yielding to it. By contrast, the processes of thought presupposed in the humanities seem inexact and their results incapable of any immediate verification. Once you have achieved the sulfa drugs and penicillin, there they are. But there is no way of checking on the spot the objective worth of philosophy's value judgments or religion's professions of faith. These are long range matters, requiring the lifetime's reflection of an individual or the fortunes of the many generations of a society. The great philosopher of yesterday is, in a sense, as improbable a figure under present conditions as the great preacher. When my friend asks, "Why is there no Phillips Brooks today?" I may reply with equal fairness, "Why is there no William James among us now?" The forty or fifty years which

have intervened since these men died have seen a great change in the mental habits of America.

Once again, even if a really first-class student enters the ministry, the nature of his duties today is such that he finds it almost impossible to define and defend an area in his own life where there will be some "central peace, subsisting at the heart of endless agitation," and from which there may come the insights and inspirations which we associate with the preaching of Channing and Parker and Brooks. A good sermon, to say nothing of a "great" sermon, germinates in the sort of mental process which is technically known as "recollection." A man's scattered thoughts and interests — his whole experience of life — are brought back to some common center. There is, then, a brooding over them in their totality. A sort of gestation takes place, and the resultant utterance comes from an indubitable inner experience.

It is doubtful whether a sermon ever succeeds in being what it ought to be in want of such recollection. The act is a costly one. It requires meditative leisure and even a certain loneliness. But the prevailing habits of the modern Protestant ministry make this act more and more difficult to achieve. The minister is at the beck and call of every good cause in his community, if not his country as a whole. Our present day definition of religion identifies American Protestantism not with some sequestered

area of life, but with our culture in its entirety. The health of the community, its educational programs, its philanthropic agencies, the housing of a people and their hours of labor, their disputed politics — all these concerns expect the active backing of the church, and this means in actual fact the time of the minister. If, in self-protection, he refuses his time and help to any one of these causes, he is instantly charged by the organization concerned with an idle otherworldliness which is too "spiritual" to bother with human nature's creature needs, and he is written off as a liability to the cause of true religion. Being unwilling to put his church in such a position, he therefore accepts membership on one more committee and sits through its recurring meetings to give at least his official sanction to what is going on.

This dissipation of time and effort means hurried preparation of sermons. More often than otherwise they become little more than pious comment on current events. But whether the theme is current or perennial, far too many modern sermons reflect the habits of a machine age. The sermons plainly betray the manners of the factory; they are "assembled," not grown. Thus, it is reported of more than one popular preacher that, having decided on Monday what he will preach about the following Sunday, he sends a couple of secretaries scouting in libraries, reading rooms and reference books for relevant material. They return by Thursday, bringing

the results of their researches to the desk of the preacher, and he then edits and adapts their findings for his own uses. Even the less fortunate parson, who lacks such secretaries, more often than otherwise sets about the fabrication of his sermons by the same means. He fits parts onto a chassis-like outline; he does not let a living idea mature in his mind. The result may be a well articulated, smooth running utterance, not unlike that of the news analyst over the air, but it is not "great" preaching; it is not even good preaching.

IV

A closing word is due to the men we are now seeing in our theological schools, who are to make up the literate 20 per cent of the ministry of tomorrow. It is true that we seldom see a student who seems to have in him the making of a Channing or a Brooks. We probably miss, at the top of the group, some of the men of wide general culture and of intellectual distinction who once went into the ministry. But, contrariwise, neither are we cumbered at the bottom of the group by those who drifted into the ministry along the line of least resistance and for want of something better to do. We may be mistaken, but we think the average is higher today than it was fifty years ago, and in some ways we are more concerned for the average man at this level than for the exceptional man.

It must be said of these men that

their motives in the choice of a profession are single-minded. The ministry no longer enjoys the social distinction once accorded it. Long pastorates are the exception and the minister must expect to be a "migratory worker." There is no money lure here. The average salary in the Congregational or Episcopal churches of Massachusetts — and these would rank very high in the over-all picture — is not more than \$3000. Most of these men could earn more money in some other vocation. They choose the ministry because they are interested in the realm of religious ideas, and believe that these ideas can be of help to humanity.

The chance which the best of these men have of becoming "great" preachers is, as we have said, imperilled by the mores of the time, which require a minister to be a

philanthropic man-of-all-work. Any one of them could be at least a better preacher than he now is if his church would join with him in a more rigorous definition of his proper office.

As for the majority of Protestant churches in America: so long as they insist upon doctrinal tests for the ministry which the average intelligent college student cannot meet, save by some devious act of mental accommodation, they have only themselves to thank if they do not attract the men whom otherwise they might recruit. This is an issue which the churches themselves must meet and solve.

If there be any truth in the old cliché that in the long run a country gets just about the rulers it deserves, it is equally true that churches get, on the whole, the type of minister they deserve.



THEY LIE, THEY LIE

BY DAVID MORTON

BEFORE now I have heard,
 And I shall hear again,
 The angry and evil word
 Of blasphemous men
 Defame the name of love,
 Who all but die
 Of the agony thereof,
 Even as I . . .
 I tell you they lie, they lie.

TEACHING YOUNG AMERICA TO WRITE

BY L. RUTH MIDDLEBROOK

ONLY the other day my favorite "F" student wrote, "It is too bad that youth comes to us so soon if it came later we could enjoy it more and stay young longer." I read the "sentence" twice. At first my red pencil dropped a semicolon into place with all the energy which twenty years of theme-correcting could summon. Then, my teacher's task done, I turned to the idea itself. Here were Gertrude Stein and Bernard Shaw rolled into one. What did I want, Baconian pith or Anthony Trollope from a seventeen-year-old student? He did have an idea there, unconsciously amusing though it was in its complete freedom from all sentence sense.

There were twenty-nine other papers to read; so I went on to the next theme in the pile. A young French lad, the soul of decorum, was describing his voyage across the Atlantic. It was in the early days of the war when German submarines were taking a fantastic toll of our ships. His liner was apparently crawling along, carefully avoiding every suspicious object on the sea. He followed the Dicken-

sian formula — make 'em weep, make 'em wait, make 'em laugh — with wonderful sureness of touch. It was good writing. Then came his climax. "So we made water slowly across the Atlantic."

I laughed so hard that the startled spaniel at my feet ran yelping out of the room. Then I faced the problem. How can I explain to the boy that what he intended as picturesque, creative language was screamingly unidiomatic and meant nothing of what he had intended?

The three papers that followed, by born "C" students, were clear, sensible, and as exciting as a glass of water. To the next paper, however, there was a brief note attached. "This is a bad theme," it explained engagingly. "Please forgive it. I have been annoyed with my eustachian tubes for some time now and in bed with a sinus doctor for the last week. Please try to understand."

I certainly tried — and hastened on to still another offering. It was a personal narrative written by a young man who had just come out of the Army. I read:

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I have been young and am now hardly old. This is the tale of a sentimental cynic who has learned the language of realism without its disciplines. But even if there is nothing here beyond the weak performance of a very weak performer, there will still remain my applause for your own achievement. That, I believe, is justification enough for these pages which, dad, I am dedicating to you.

And if on some peaceful afternoon when the golden rain is falling . . .

II

Instinctively I looked out of the window. There was no golden rain; only soundless mist. But it was peaceful. Time stood still and my mind wandered back to my first English composition class in an Iowa college some twenty or more Septembers ago. The students were good farmers' sons and daughters. Most of them were older than the teacher, who was all of nineteen, with nothing but the quadrivium of Phi Beta Kappa key, a Master's in Spenser, an adoration of Walter Pater, and the *Prefaces* of Henry James to brace her.

Most of the students had chores to do before they came to class, and now and then I thought I could detect a carefully erased smudge of fresh butter on a paper. Often their blue jeans brought something other than scent of new-mown hay to the classroom. Their English themes invariably concerned living things, and they could tell time by the sky and season by feel of earth under foot. They were never at a loss for material, even if their English was good Danish

in translation. And they were constantly educating their city-born teacher.

One day Selina Sorensen brought me a delightful little composition on how to make torches out of cattails. It was so well done that it proved my own undoing. I read the paper to the class. It was the perfect "how" theme. I used my warmest adjectives to praise its gift for organization, clarity, and selection of detail. "But," I demanded, "how can a normal girl take actual cats' tails, dip them in kerosene, and set fire to them?"

I can still hear the excruciating, deafening laughter of those students. The next day I received a large white box, heavily beribboned and affectionately addressed, "To our new teacher." Iowa, I learned, was not only the state "where the tall corn grows," but also where the longest and fattest cattails in the world could be found — without courtesy of the SPCA.

The next year, my empirical education improved upon, I moved to the large state university across the border. Here, absurdly enough, I learned most about writing, not from my "literary" or even literate students, but from the athletes in the coaching school, many of whom were registered in my classes. Two in particular were my best teachers.

"Frosty" Peters had replaced "Red" Grange; Judson Timm complemented "Frosty." Together they made an impressive enough combination to keep Illinois a favorite in the Big Ten.

Both were in my classes, and both were intelligent and articulate.

For his first assignment in my composition class, "Frosty" produced an essay on how he thought such a course should be organized.

He wanted it understood at the outset that it was not his ambition to be a writer. He wanted me further to understand that his papers would not be better than the man he himself was. What is more, he would not promise always to make his weekly theme the required 500 words. "Usually, if I can't say what I have to say in a couple of pages, I know I'm bluffing all over the place." Above all, he wanted to make it clear that he had just enough vocabulary to stretch over his ideas. I was not to look for "any of those fancy two-bit" words I tossed out in class to the students. He would do his best and would not apologize every time he handed in a paper. On my side, I was not to feel defeated if he wrote no better at the end of the term than at the beginning. Paper and pencil were never his favorite playthings. Then one final warning. If I thought that he was going to refer to the 413 pages of that *Handbook of Composition* every time he wrote a sentence, I was, well, not exactly crazy, but a reasonable facsimile thereof.

"Frosty's" paper was a revelation — and the turning point in my teaching career. It told me once and for all what was wrong with college composition as I — and most of my colleagues — had taught it. I had simply been

too precious about it. My standards were absurd, my psychology was isolationist; I took nothing of the students' natural limitations into consideration.

It hadn't even occurred to me that some of the students didn't want to achieve more than a minimum literacy and adequate communicativeness in their writing. The heresy that there were levels of English usage, each wholly justified in its place, that an attempt to sound like characters out of their unwritten novels might even prove embarrassing to students with modest equipment, had never occurred to me. I had simply expected them all to write English with the fastidiousness of a Cardinal Newman or the deft irony of a Jane Austen. My code must have been that of Sinclair Lewis's "pious old maid whose greatest delight was to have tea at the vicarage."

But "Frosty" wasn't my only teacher. His friend Timm also opened my eyes, though less dramatically. Once in a literature examination I wrote the following half-filched title on the board: "On First Looking into the Romantic Poets." Then I asked the class to choose any one poet and to write on him for thirty minutes. Timm chose Shelley. "What I know about Shelley I can write in thirty seconds," he began. "I don't understand him. Every time I think I've got his ideas, his words mix me up. It seems to me that he is always either weeping ('Adonais'), shrieking and clapping his hands in ecstasy ('Hymn

to Intellectual Beauty'), or fainting ('Indian Serenade'). What was the matter with the guy? He must have had no control over himself."

A year or two earlier, such a dismissal of Shelley would have made me burst into tears at the insensitiveness of these barbarians invading the sacred grove. This time I read the answer with interest and without hand-wringing. After all, perhaps he liked Kipling. Perhaps Kipling was even better for him. Besides, I once saw him with Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle* under his arm. Why shouldn't the *Voyage*, in its way, be at least as provocative as "Queen Mab"?

III

That was twenty years ago. I am still teaching young America to write, but now in a huge metropolitan university with an enrollment of 35,000 students, to whom a college education is more a matter of good business than inner necessity. Not only have they never made torches out of cat-tails, but most of them have never been farther from the campus than a five-cent subway fare could take them. Some of them are dull and inarticulate, but many of them are brilliant and brittle, and depressingly sensible. "We are too young to be irresponsible," one melancholy wit explained. "Where would we get the money to pay for our mistakes?"

Their patience with the leisure arts is not heart-warming: in the race against time and the atomic bomb,

quick success alone is their goal. Their demands are earnest and practical; their preference for dissection over the larger understanding is almost ghoulish. To be at home in the whole of life might have been all right for Shakespeare or Matthew Arnold; they'll settle for a good deal less. And if we English teachers who still toss "fancy two-bit words" into the classroom air are going to reach them at all, we had better get that through our graying heads.

But too many of us are not yet ready. Neither our methods nor our vocabulary has caught up with the demands of this feverish generation of students obsessed with the conviction that it is living on borrowed time. Too many of us are still teaching composition and literature from our perch on Mount Olympus.

There is a young assistant instructor in my Department who lectures on levels of consciousness and introverted symbolism to his freshman English class. He himself is one of the most delightful youngsters I know, and can talk more engagingly about Blake, Gerard Manley Hopkins, or Matisse than anyone else on the staff. What, however, his students going into dentistry, engineering, insurance, or marketing are struggling against, he can hardly realize and yet serve them such daily fare. And in the hundreds of colleges throughout the country, thousands like him are still riding hobbies that range all the way from "Urn Burial" Sir Thomas Browne to lower case e.e. cummings.

And there is another of my colleagues, an eager beaver, ever polling the Department on whether we would say "It is I" or "It's me." The other day he came up solemnly with a copy of one of our weeklies (its circulation is astronomically beyond my arithmetic) pointing out a sentence which began, "None of you are responding to our request . . ." It was everything the doctor had ordered. He checked off each of us like a good democrat on the eve of election. None escaped. When he came to me, I wounded his soul with my utter triviality. "Write me as one who loves his fellowmen," I said. Whether or not, like Abou ben Adhem, my name led all the rest, I shall never know.

To be sure, I have chosen the extremes, and every teacher who has ever assigned Walt Whitman, or the letters of Jefferson, or *Arrowsmith* will come down on me with all the righteous resentment of his brave soul.

All right, I'll take my beating on that one. But here is a little fact that is more easily verified. Practically every college in the country that offers freshmen English starts out by defeating the student at once. He is required to purchase a handbook of composition that is apt to run anywhere from 150 to 700 pages. This, the student is told in effect, he must master before the end of the term if he is going to pass the course. My own Department does better than that: it allows the bewildered student three whole weeks or nine class hours. I

have often wondered why, if it is the judgment of my distinguished colleagues that the fundamentals of English are so quickly learned — or recalled — we don't all go fishing for the rest of the year.

After I have been through my three weeks' session with the *Handbook in Composition* required in my Department, I find, to my sorrow, that students whose punctuation was adequate begin to over-punctuate. Students whose vocabulary was normal begin to ring in polysyllabic monstrosities that befog meaning and kill whatever natural rhythm their simple style was capable of. Students who never heard of a split construction begin to split everything from a monosyllable to an infinitive. I am sure the reader gets the point. Instead of merely correcting the few ailments of each student, we open Pandora's box and introduce him to all the woes of all the writers in all the writing world. Only this time no hope is left in reserve.

IV

My suggestion is, throw the handbook out at once, and give writing a chance to breathe, and the teacher a chance to teach, and publishers a chance to use their good offices, in these days of paper shortage, to more salutary ends. Above all, give the student a chance. Don't hand the poor devil his crutches before he's even begun to jump.

What, really, is an acceptable stand-

ard of writing that the average layman can hope to attain without disgracing himself? And how should he go about it?

In the first place — and it cannot be repeated too often — college teachers must remember that not everyone wants to be a writer. Anyone who has ever put pencil to paper or read a book knows that the source of good writing is clear thinking. That Horatian precept needs no amendment. If, therefore, we find good writing difficult, and that includes professional writing as well, it is because good thinking itself is the hardest thing in the world to achieve. The plain fact is that most people do not think; they apologize. Now apologies sometimes can prove very gracious social gestures orally; on paper they become surprisingly vague and insincere, and fail to communicate anything beyond an embarrassed mind in slow motion. And communication is the very heart of good writing.

Of course, I shall not pretend that style, born of a good mind, a sentient character, and a communicative personality, is not fundamental to good writing. But whose style, and whose character, and whose personality? A student, or any other layman, can only be himself on paper: he cannot sound better than his intellectual background, his social standards, his moral tastes, or his very temperament. If he cannot say anything, perhaps it is because he has nothing to say, or he does not feel urgent enough about his ideas to share them

with others. If his vocabulary is small, learning one word or a hundred words a day is not the answer. One does not use words in a vacuum. One uses only such words as are part of his intellectual experience, his emotional needs, his essential at-homeness with the whole business of self-expression.

In their eagerness to raise the intellectual level of student thinking, college teachers sometimes overlook one physiological factor pointed out by Francis Brett Young, physician and novelist. Just as a large percentage of human beings are born color-blind and tone-deaf, so even a larger proportion are born insensitive to variations in shade and tone of words. Color-blindness and tone-deafness are incurable. I doubt that word-failure is the exception.

We have isolated college English from the everyday world long enough. Let us be satisfied to define style — for all practical purposes — as the expression of one's ideas to the best of his sincerity against the background of his own idiom of mind.

On the matter of punctuation, assuming that we have taught the student to know a sentence when he writes one, let him begin by using only enough stops to prevent a misreading in the text. As his mind matures and his thinking demands more complex expression, he will himself discover the uses of a more varied punctuation, because he will read with greater attention, better memory, and more patience with the detail of the printed page. If he does not

discover the uses of a more varied punctuation and is still clear in his thinking and literate in his writing, he will not disgrace himself and we shall hardly have betrayed him. The mind will not accept, and we cannot make it accept, what it apparently does not need.

For the student who really wants to write — that is, use language creatively and excitingly — there is little the teacher can really do that he cannot do better for himself. He knows, as well as the teacher, that only a deep envy of another's gift of language can stir him sufficiently to write with all his heart, and all his energy, and all his devotion to the culture that nourished him.

I know that my colleagues will send out the cry that I am reducing the classroom teaching of English to the bread and cheese level. I can only repeat that those who want bread and beauty cannot be taught: their own passionate envy for sentient expression will blaze their trail in their own way and by their own self-discovered implements. For the others, bread and cheese it is, then; and for their money, they want the bread thick and the cheese heavy. Let us give it to them without apology or sense of martyrdom, or let us get out of undergraduate teaching.

One last sobering thought: the two greatest teachers — Socrates and Jesus — never wrote a line.



Hints to Tourists in Europe —

BEFORE starting on a rough walk, it is a good plan to rub the inside of one's socks with soap or tallow. A blister is best disposed of by running a silk thread through it and leaving the thread in it. Before a long walk over the ice or snow the face may be anointed with lanoline, or better, blackened with a burnt cork, in order to save it from being burnt by the glare.

Landlords sometimes make exorbitant demands on the death of one of their guests in which case the aid of the authorities should be invoked.

— BAEDEKER: *Southern France*

A STOUT cane or long riding-whip will sometimes be found useful in repelling the village and shepherds' dogs, though stone-throwing is perhaps still more effective.

— BAEDEKER: *Greece*

THE MENDELSSOHN

A Story

BY SCOTT MORTON

AMALIE followed her mother up the hard clay aisle under an early August sky. For the ten-thousandth time she admired her mother's slight, slim figure, clothed this evening in a severe brown dress. Most of the women were without hats. Mrs. Wagner wore a small brown felt on her dark brown hair. Hat, dress and Mrs. Wagner moved correctly between the rows of summer prints and sports jackets as if unaware this was not Carnegie Hall on an even Thursday.

Amalie, admiring eyes on her mother's back, tripped, and stumbled against her. Mrs. Wagner's face was impatient and long-suffering as she turned to look up at her daughter, but she spoke gently. "Amalie, you must learn to watch where you are going," she said. Amalie looked down at her feet which she never seemed able to manage. They were enormous in white shoes. "Yes, Mother," she said. Her mother, she knew, was determined to make the evening a party.

Mrs. Wagner, after pausing to look

back at the shell to see how far away it was, chose seats in a still empty row. Amalie plumped down beside her. She was almost a head taller than her mother and the absurd hat she wore made her appear even taller. As she slid down in the chair to try to diminish her height, her short white skirt came above her bony, bare knees. "Sit up straight, like a little lady," Mrs. Wagner whispered, still gently. Amalie sighed. "Yes, Mother," she said.

Mrs. Wagner looked at her program. "The Mendelssohn is last," she said. "But you won't mind waiting, will you dear?"

Amalie said an absent "No." She thought fiercely, No, I don't mind waiting, I don't care if I never hear it. She was sick of hearing about it. It seemed like a long time ago that her mother had first mentioned it. She had been talking to Mrs. Lewis.

"Is Amalie going to Mary Wheaton's dance on the fourth?" Mrs. Lewis had asked Amalie's mother.

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It was the first Amalie had heard anything about Mary's having a dance. From an instant's stiffening in her mother's manner she guessed it was the first she knew about it, too. But Mrs. Wagner spoke smoothly.

"Oh, dear, no," she said. "My little girl is too young to go to dances. Besides I'm giving her a treat that night." She put her arm around Amalie. Amalie had noticed that when other mothers were present, her mother was always affectionate and called her "my little girl." Mrs. Wagner went on: "Amalie is so musical," she said. "She loves music and I am sure she has real talent. I have promised to take her to hear Elman. He is going to play the Mendelssohn, you know." She smiled, a far-away look in her eyes, as she listened, in rapt recollection, to the Mendelssohn.

II

Mrs. Wagner had endowed Amalie with musical taste and talent several years before. She had said that it seemed to her every young girl should have what used to be called an accomplishment. Oh, she knew it might sound old-fashioned, but it did seem to her. . . . She regarded Amalie thoughtfully.

What a big nose and mouth the child had! More like his family all the time. Mrs. Wagner's mouth tightened. More like his sister. If Amalie grew up to look like her, then there was no hope at all. Amalie would never find a husband. An existence without a man

was unthinkable to Mrs. Wagner, but her sister-in-law did not seem to mind — indeed seemed to enjoy being unmarried — and this annoyed Mrs. Wagner. It was as though some of her pleasure in being a wife were taken from her; as if she were being told, "You see? It's not so wonderful being married. I'm quite happy without a husband. Perhaps just as happy as you are. Perhaps . . ."

No, Amalie would never be a beauty, poor child. Mrs. Wagner felt humiliated, and at the same time relieved, and was not quite aware that she felt either. She knew that some of her friends were amused that she should have a homely child, and she had got into the habit of saying gaily, "Amalie looks more like her father every day!" She sighed as she looked at her own fastidious self in the mirror. She had been beautiful — still was, she told herself; why use the past tense?

She had not been, at first, quite certain just where Amalie's talent lay. Two excellent piano teachers had helped her to the conclusion that it did not lie easily on the keyboard. "Perhaps the violin?" she said, as she took leave of the second teacher. "Perhaps," he said. His voice was without conviction.

The violin it was. Mrs. Wagner found it a better instrument for Amalie, all things considered, than the piano. There was a room at the top of the house, not used for anything else, where Amalie could practice undisturbed. It had not been possible to have the piano moved up there.

From time to time, Mrs. Wagner bought recordings of violin music; together, she and Amalie listened to them. "But how much better," she said, "how much better to hear the great artists in person! To have them there before you, recreating ineffable beauty! Amalie, you will love the Mendelssohn!"

III

Amalie had gone to children's concerts in the winter and her mood had not been one of exhilaration. *Peter and the Wolf*—yes, that she had liked. Sitting now beside her mother, waiting for the concert to begin, she wondered if there were any little boys and grandfathers and wolves in Mr. Mendelssohn's music, and if Mr. Elman would explain about them like the man did about Peter.

It was getting dark. Lights were being turned on on the stage and a few white-coated players came out and tuned their instruments. There was a lot of things to look at and to listen to. Men in dirty white caps carried heavy baskets through the aisles, calling, "Beer. Ice cold beer. Candy bars. Potato chips!" This might be a circus, Amalie thought, surprised. She felt for the fifteen cents in her pocket. Still there.

Just as a man walked out on the stage, after all the other men had taken their seats, a woman behind Amalie leaned forward. "Would you mind taking your hat off?" she said. "We can't see a thing." Amalie looked

at her mother. Yes, her mother nodded, take it off. It was a broad-brimmed halo hat, fastened with four pins, and it took Amalie a long time to disentangle them from her hair. She slid down in the seat again and this time her mother said nothing.

The first number was interminable. Three times the players stopped, and she thought they were finished, but each time they started up again. Sibelius, however, was not alone. Amalie heard a plane. It was followed by a second, and a third. Their green and white lights blinked on and off, and the pilots seemed to know the symphony as well as the conductor, and to have it as well-timed, for they made their entrances during the *pianissimo* passages and their exits during the *forte*.

A breeze blew in from the river and chilled Amalie in her thin, white blouse. It had tiny cap sleeves which barely covered her shoulders, and peasant stitching in bright colors, and a deep, round neckline. On a very young child it would have been attractive; on Amalie it was merely ludicrous.

The orchestra stopped and Amalie turned to her mother. "May I get something to eat?" she asked. Mrs. Wagner considered, then took a dime from her purse. "Be sure to have it finished before the intermission is over." Amalie started to move into the crowded aisle. "Amalie, put your hat on," her mother said. "Ladies don't walk about in public places without their hats." The woman in

the row behind nudged the woman next to her.

Amalie found a man who was selling potato chips and took a bag back to her seat. Her mother was just leaving. "I'm going over to speak to Mrs. Tenney," she said. "Do I have to stay here?" Amalie asked. "No, you may walk around if you want to," her mother said, "but be sure to be back in plenty of time."

Amalie finished the potato chips. She bought a candy bar and ate it. She saw two young women drinking pop and walked over toward them. They stopped talking and stared. What they saw was a thin, long-bare-legged child wearing a ridiculous, grown-up hat above an immature, large-featured face, and a baby blouse from which arms and neck extended alarmingly — rather like Alice after she had finished the cake marked *Eat Me* and grown nine feet tall. Amalie spoke, and her child voice squeaked. "Where did you get the pop?" she said. "Over there," one girl replied, and pointed to a stand some distance away.

As Amalie struggled to get through the crowd, she heard the girls snicker. "Didja' ever?" said one. "No, honestly," her friend said, "if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes . . ." Amalie heard the words, not their meaning. She felt incipient guilt. Her mother did not know she had fifteen cents saved out of her allowance and would disapprove of her getting anything more to eat or drink. She bought a lemon pop and drank it quickly.

IV

Amalie got back to her seat before her mother. As she sat down and took off her hat, the women in the row behind laughed softly. "Have you ever seen a more idiotic outfit?" said one.

"No, never," the other said, "and she's a perfect freak, anyway!"

"I know, but it's partly the way she's dressed. Why do you suppose her mother dresses her like that?"

Whose mother, Amalie wondered, and listened.

"She's very smart and attractive, the mother, I mean," the second speaker went on. "I can't understand it."

"Some women can't bear to have any other attractive women around, especially if they're their own daughters," the other said. "They want to stay young-looking as long as they can, and it doesn't help any to have a pretty daughter. Maybe that's why she dresses her like a five-year-old. There are mothers like that and I bet she's one of them."

"Sh-h-h," the other woman said, "here she comes now."

Mrs. Wagner had had a pleasant chat with Mrs. Tenney. She felt refreshed, as she always did upon seeing the older woman. It was not chiefly because of what Mrs. Tenney had said, but because of how she had looked: an old woman in whose face and manner the vestiges of beauty were more appalling than ugliness. She had been a great beauty when Mrs. Wagner was an awkward girl,

and her attitude toward the girl had been offhand and careless. Now her beauty had gone and she was so old that she no longer remembered its going, or cared. But Mrs. Wagner did.

When Mrs. Tenney agreed that fourteen-year-old girls were too young to go to dances, when she said that she thought Mrs. Wagner was such a careful mother and that it was unusual these days to find one, the words of approbation came not from a rather tiresome old woman but from a person with whom Mrs. Wagner had long ago fought to establish equality. Mrs. Tenney had forgotten, if indeed she had ever been aware of it, that there had been a contest between them, but the younger woman had never forgotten. Now she was the beauty, she was triumphant, and she saw her victory in the faded face before her.

Mrs. Wagner's warm feeling of happiness led her, for a moment, to feel affectionate toward Amalie. She looked at her daughter. "Are you enjoying yourself, dear?" she asked.

"Yes, Mother," replied Amalie.

The orchestra came out and leaped

into *Leonore* #3, and a plane came back, and Amalie heard neither the one nor the other. Suddenly she realized that the snickering girls had been talking about her. A freak, the woman behind had called her. It wasn't true. She was a big girl, bigger than most, maybe, but she wasn't that. If that were true, then what they said about her mother must be true, too. She looked at her mother, the faintest speculation in her eyes, and her mother looked back and smiled. The smile meant, "Isn't it beautiful? This is an added treat, isn't it?"

Suddenly Amalie was sick. She put her hand on her mother's wrist. "Mother, I'm sick," she said. "Mother!"

Mrs. Wagner whispered, "Amalie!" She was about to add, "Are you sure?" But a glimpse of Amalie's face made the question unnecessary.

They got out of their seats and walked up the aisle. They hurried across the field to a little room under the stadium and as the door closed behind them, it shut out the opening phrase of the Mendelssohn.



GREAT economic and social forces flow with a tidal sweep over communities that are only half conscious of that which is befalling them. Wise statesmen are those who foresee what time is thus bringing, and endeavor to shape institutions and to mold men's thought and purpose in accordance with the change that is silently surrounding them.

— JOHN MORLEY: *Life of Richard Cobden*.

HOW THE NEXT WAR WILL BE FOUGHT

BY WILLIAM BRADFORD HUIE

At a time when all basic naval weapons are approaching trial-for-life in "Operation Crossroads," the atomic bomb test, William Bradford Huie brackets the admirals who have formulated Navy policy since 1917 with a documented indictment on these counts:

- 1. The admirals stubbornly ignored tests of bombs versus battleships in 1921, remained anchored to the doctrine that the battleship is the primary offensive weapon of the fleet.*
- 2. Through President Roosevelt, the Navy contrived to suppress the results of the test-bombing of the Utah in 1937.*
- 3. With the eager aid of the pre-Marshall War Department, the admirals imposed on air planners a maximum range of 300 miles to sea for Air Force bombers up through 1938.*
- 4. Again with the consent of the President, the admirals killed every effort to appropriate adequate funds for the development of four-engined bombers prior to the beginning of the war in Europe.*

These charges are history, shocking but still history. In his book, The Case Against the Admirals, William Bradford Huie is most provocative when he spotlights the arena of bitterest future rivalry among Army, Navy and Air.

What weapons will be decisive in any third world war? Which of our three armed services shall be given primary responsibility for the development and employment of the decisive offensive weapons? — THE EDITORS.

IF THE next great war comes, the initial and probably decisive blow will be struck at or by the United States of America. We can't escape this position. No aggressor is going to attack some lesser nation and allow us to intervene at our own good time.

We were the Arsenal of Democracy in this war; we shall be in the next war, and no aggressor will be so foolish as to fail to strike directly at the arsenal. At the moment the next war begins, we must be either the striker or the struck. By no amount of

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head-burying-in-the-sand can we avoid this fate.

Any discussion of the nature of the next war must begin with answers to the two questions *when* and *who*. Obviously, if we go to war in 1946 we shall begin fighting in much the same manner as we were fighting in 1945. If war is delayed five years, there will be some changes; if ten years, more changes; if twenty years, a great many startling changes. Here I shall assume that war will be delayed at least ten years and perhaps twenty years.

As to *who* the assumed enemy is, I shall use the code word "Chindia." Yes, Asia — China, Russia, India — where more than a billion people live. It's the most likely breeding ground for the Third World War.

Now how will the first blow in the next war be struck? Will that old proverbial armada approach our shores? Will our battle fleet — the great ships of the line — meet the enemy out there on the "high seas?" And will the ground army stand ready to "defend the coast?" And if we strike the first blow will we send a surface armada steaming toward some coast? We can file these conceptions with the Macedonian phalanx.

The first blow in the Third World War probably will be the result of intelligence operations. The atomic bomb need not be delivered by air. By the simple process of renting a garret or a basement room, enemy agents, working years in advance, can install a bomb on Manhattan Island

which, at a chosen moment, could kill every living thing on the island. A hundred such bombs planted at strategic spots could shatter America's ability to make war and kill twenty million people. Chindia probably already has sleeper agents in this country who could plant such bombs; Germany had sleeper agents in America as early as 1933.

Therefore, *unless the world government can provide such a service*, America must have a super-intelligence service. We must know everything that goes on in Chindia. Our counter-intelligence must discover Chindia's sleeper agents even more effectively than our FBI spotted the German sleepers, and if the worst comes, our agents must plant atomic bombs in Chindia and must see that we press the buttons before Chindia does.

I agree that this sounds like an almost hopeless procedure. I assume here that every intelligent American now regards world government as the only hopeful course. However, what I am discussing here is the melancholy alternative.

After our intelligence has signaled the start of the Third World War, what happens next? Well, to understand what will happen next, we must toss aside another relic: the Mercator projection of the world. Old Mercator did modern men a great disservice when he devised the map which purports to represent the world. Mercator, like Admiral King, thought in terms of seapower; he was concerned with navigation of surface ships. Mer-

tator says it is six thousand miles from Shanghai to Seattle, but your globe will tell you that the distance is much less.

A study of the globe will show that the distances between the northernmost reaches of Chindia and America's industrial heart are not nearly so great as Mercator has led you to believe. Similarly, the distances between Alaska and the great industrial centers of Chindia are not great. And you must understand that while surface craft cannot operate in the polar regions, aircraft, flying at a height of from ten to sixty miles, could operate as easily in the polar regions as they do in the tropics.

II

So after Intelligence pushes the button in the Third World War, either we or Chindia will attack the other with massive showers of pilotless aircraft — “guided missiles” is the technical term. These missiles will fly in the ionosphere — that's above the stratosphere — at a height of about seventy miles from the earth. Their speed will be about 3600 miles an hour, much faster than sound. Each missile will have striking power sufficient to obliterate a city of 200,000 people, and will be accurate within one-half mile.

I do not get this information from the Buck Rogers comic strip. I get it from the most reliable source in the world: General Arnold and General Knerr and the staff of top tech-

nicians of the Air Technical Service Command at Dayton, Ohio. Among these top technicians, curiously, are several German scientists who worked on the V-2; General Knerr had the foresight to grab them and send them to Dayton before any other nation could shanghai them.

In the Second World War, German engineers could have destroyed Britain with guided missiles if the RAF had not scored a lucky hit at Peenemünde, and if German production had not failed. As it was, the Germans developed the V-2 to this point: it flew at a height of sixty miles and at a speed of 3600 miles an hour, and at a range of 200 miles, it was accurate within ten miles. From 200 miles away, the Germans could hit the London area with virtually every shot.

In effect, the V-2 is guided just like a mortar shell. It takes off in a “stovepipe” of beams. These beams guide the missile until it gets twenty miles above the earth, as though it were in a gun barrel. That's how direction is imparted to it.

But the V-2 at Dayton is already old stuff. It was the pilot model. The radicals among the technicians at Dayton insist that in fifteen to twenty years the guided missile will travel at 22,800 miles an hour. The conservatives say the speed won't exceed 5000 miles an hour. But everybody agrees that accuracy will be “at least within one-half mile” at a distance of ten thousand miles.

And when atomic propulsion is

ready, all the technicians agree that distance will become meaningless. They could then fire the missiles at the moon.

The ATSC calls this sort of missile the "ground-to-ground" missile. It is fired from the ground at a ground target. And thus, as part of the development program, it is planned to establish bases in both Canada and Alaska from which these missiles in "massive showers" could be hurled at Chindia if and when.

The intelligence-planted bombs will be the first blow; the guided missiles will be the second.

We are also developing ground-to-air missiles and air-to-ground missiles. The former are for defense against enemy missiles and piloted airplanes, and the latter are to be fired from our piloted planes against the enemy.

An examination of our ground-to-air missiles discloses the difficulty of the problem of defending against such weapons. If Chindia fires missiles at us at 3600 miles an hour, those missiles will approach Detroit, for example, at a speed of one mile a second. Our radar at present is effective up to only 200 miles, and thus we couldn't detect the missile until it was within 200 miles of its target. This would leave us only 200 seconds to take defensive measures. In the 200 seconds we would have to fire one of our ground-to-air missiles at an angle so that it would intercept the Chindian missile, and by using a target-seeking warhead, this might be accomplished. But unless our missile

intercepted the Chindian missile at great height, the explosion of the two missiles would cause great damage anyway.

One problem, therefore, is to extend our radar range so that the defense can be given more than two hundred seconds to get its intercepting missiles into the air.

III

Hard on the flaming tails of the guided missiles will go the long-range bombers. These bombers, carrying their own missiles to fire at enemy interceptors, will be loaded with atomic bombs and will destroy methodically whatever has been left by the guided missiles. These bombers will have an operational range of ten thousand miles, will fly at a speed of 600 miles an hour, and will be accompanied by missile-firing fighters flying at 1000 miles an hour.

Does anyone doubt that we will have such planes within ten to twenty years? Already our newest bomber, the XB-36, has an operational range of 5000 miles. The fact that we can easily accept the projection to the ten-thousand-mile range indicates how far we have come since January 1945 when the admirals were still scoffing at the B-29.

Our third wave to attack Chindia will be fleets of great transports bearing our Army to take over. A mass army? No. How could we fight Chindia with a mass army when Chindia might be able to marshal three-fourths

of the people of the earth against us? The Second World War was the last world war of mass armies. In fact it was during the Second World War that the use of mass armies ended.

We never employed more than twenty-four ground-fighting divisions against Japan. It was never necessary for us to meet Japan's mass army. Our air power — the fire bomb and the atomic bomb — made this unnecessary. Our ground forces moved into Japan by air only to take over management of the ruins. Then our sea forces moved in and opened the ports.

Had we delayed our invasion of France for twelve months, or had the development of our air power not been stunted in the five critical years before the war began, or had the atomic bomb been developed twelve months earlier — then the assault on the Norman beaches would never have occurred. Our ground forces would have moved into Europe the same way they moved into Japan.

But our airborne forces moving to Chindia will be ready to fight if necessary. They will look like men from Mars. They will have rocket and atomic weapons and will be prepared to anesthetize any surviving pockets of resistance. Supplies in the first hours will pour to them by guided cargo-carrying missiles and great cargo planes. The decision as to where the airborne forces are to land will have taken into account such factors as which areas have been totally destroyed, which areas are untenable because of residual radioactivity, which

areas have remaining populations to be anesthetized, and which areas can be most readily opened to supply by sea.

There is a role for our sea forces. A very important role. They will arrive at Chindian ports in the fourth wave, after the decisive blows have been struck. In the Second World War, our surface fleet had a fighting role because of the nature of the war, but it seems most improbable that the Third World War can last long enough for a surface ship to affect its outcome.

I am not contending here that we should scuttle our vast accumulation of warships. We should keep a portion of them, because, as I have pointed out, if war with Chindia should come within the next five years, some of our fleet would be useful. If war is delayed for ten years, however, I can't see how any surface ship could be a factor in the actual fighting. Even submarines, by far the most effective Navy weapon in the Second World War, would lose their primary value because the war wouldn't last long enough for submarine raids on Chindian shipping to become effective. A few subs might prove useful for pre-war intelligence work.

IV

If there must be a Third World War it will be fought in something like the manner I have outlined here, and we will survive *unless* we allow our Maginot boys to deliver us into slavery. *Unless* we forget the tragic pattern of

what was happening in those five years before Pearl Harbor and allow the pattern to be repeated. Our gold-braided boys had the power then; they sat at the first appropriations table; they throttled the development of our air power; and for want of \$21,000,000 a year, General Knerr and his fellows were prevented from developing four-motored bombers which *might have prevented* the Second World War.

And now we have the same pattern developing. Our Sea Lords are demanding that they be left in regal loneliness with their prestige, and that they be given three and one-half billion dollars a year to support themselves in the lush manner to which they have become accustomed. On October 9, 1945, they had twenty-four battleships and were still building. What in the name of heaven do they expect to use twenty-four battleships for? Or even a single battleship? Single aircraft *squadrons* in both the Army and Navy sank more ships and did more damage to the enemy than our entire multi-billion-dollar battleship fleet. To land in Normandy we had our three oldest battleships standing by. Four old-timers fired for sixteen minutes in the Leyte Gulf shooting gallery. None of our war-built monsters ever fired its guns.

Yet, and this sounds incredible, the admirals continued ordering battleships at \$100,000,000 a ship even when they knew that the ships couldn't be completed until long after our planned landings in Japan.

The admirals have 120 aircraft carriers and are still building. The carrier was a useful weapon in the Second World War — in the Pacific only, except for light convoy work in the Atlantic — but it was useful only because the development of American air power had been strangled.

We could have had the B-29 and the fire bomb in 1941 instead of 1945 if the Maginot boys had not had the power. Even Admiral Mitscher, the colorful little leader of Task Force 58, has told the Navy command that the carrier is an interim weapon, a weapon certain to be outmoded by air-power development. Certainly we should keep a number of our big carriers during the "interim," but America and Britain now have 169 carriers, and Chindia has none. And we are still building.

Will battleships be able to deliver atomic bombs to the Chindian cities? Will battleships or aircraft carriers be able to intercept the atomic missiles which Chindia will fire at us?

In contrast to the three and one-half billions demanded by the admirals, how much are General Knerr and the wizards of Dayton getting? The 1946 appropriation for guided missiles is about \$13,600,000. These are to be the decisive weapons of the Third World War — the weapons which can prevent the war from starting and win it if it does start. But research and development in guided missiles is expensive. You have to employ brains, both in the Army and in the planning rooms of the manufac-

turers. And about the only way in which you can develop guided missiles is by building them and firing them, and when you fire your model once, it's finished.

General Knerr and General Arnold believe that about \$100,000,000 a year should be spent on the guided missile program, and they believe further that appropriation for this program

should be on something like a five-year basis. The year-by-year method of appropriation is impractical for research; you can't plan it intelligently on a year-by-year basis.

Which horse do you want to bet on in the Third World War race? Atom bombs or battleships? The air force or the fleet? Our men of vision or Maginot men?



Phrase Origins—1

DRUMHEAD COURT MARTIAL: The exigencies of battle sometimes necessitate a summary court martial to try offenders on a line of march or even under conditions of actual conflict. This term is derived from the practice of holding such trials around a large drum as a table. This peremptory military method of dealing immediately with offenses is frequently referred to as *drumhead justice*. The term has a carry-over into civilian life. When a lawyer has a case settled against him in a very short time he is likely to complain that he has been given drumhead justice. The average citizen who is one of a multitude of traffic offenders tried in a magistrate's court in a large city can frequently quite honestly assert that he has had a drum-head court martial and was fined ten dollars on an assembly line of justice.

— DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Notes on the Curious

Too Sentimental. — Every now and then the critics object to an operetta, musical play or musical comedy as being too sentimental. The latest complaint is against *Show Boat*. It seems that the love story of the wistful Magnolia and the handsome Ravenal is too full of the moonlight of the heart for them. What do they want in shows whose very essence is sentimental romance? The story of a garbage collector and a female dentist?

* * *

Cinema and Stage. — On that day when an audience, as in the theatre, interrupts the progress of a film with periodic applause and remains to cheer the screen play and players I will be persuaded to believe that the moving pictures can approach the effectiveness of the living drama.

* * *

Humor? — Why is it that almost everything associated with the composition of a sandwich has been borrowed by comedians to derogatory descriptive ends? For example, ham, cheese, boloney, tomato, onion, pastрами, turkey, salami, sardine, egg, hamburger, frankfurter, etc.

* * *

Hollywood Theatrical Taste. — The old tin-pot melodrama *The Drunkard*

is presently in its thirteenth successive year in one Hollywood theatre. A another, the Musart, a play called *She Lost It in Campeche*, advertised a "hot as a fire bomb," lately played for fifty successive weeks.

* * *

Honesty the Best Policy. — A cabare in Baltimore, Maryland, called *The Oasis*, last year advertised its maste of ceremonies and star entertainer and its show as follows:

Willie Gray, our broken-down master o ceremonies, has just completed anothe year in this menagerie. It's his sixteenth and that's some sort of record as so-called night club entertainers go. His worn out gags are so terrible they make you laugh in spite of yourself and the awfu show he paces is enough to drive you nuts That's really what we're after, so every body's happy. Slum on down tonight.

The Oasis, I am informed, packed them in.

The prosperous device is, of course, nothing new. It was used in the theatre, as everyone recalls, in the case of the celebrated Cherry Sisters. It was also used long before that in the case of one George Jones, known as the Count Joannes, who had to play his Romeo behind a net but who, according to Robert Grau, that entertaining historian, "was able to

reap the financial reward that many great actors of his time were denied." ("Jones," continues Mr. Grau, somewhat paradoxically, "was not a bad actor, but it was impossible to hear a word he said.") Yet thousands were brought by capricious advertising to crowd the theatre in which he played and had the time of their lives making noises at not only his Romeo but his Hamlet. It was further used in the case of amateur nights and get-the-hook vaudeville. It seems to me that present day theatrical producers are overlooking a wonderful bet in not adopting it to healthy box-office profits.

Take, for example, some such play as the late *Marriage Is for Single People*. Presented seriously, it closed almost overnight, and to a heavy loss. Had its producer, after the bad notices were in, promptly advertised it as one of the worst stinkers ever seen in the theatre, put up a fish net, and allowed customers to let their natures take their course, it doubtless would have become one of the town's meccas. The same procedure might have worked out handsomely in the instances of such solemnly presented garbage as *Make Yourself at Home*, *Round Trip*, and *Oh, Brother!* The money from the cabbage and egg concessions alone would have made the producers, who as it was lost their shirts, rich men.

* * *

Nostalgia. — Whenever a musical show of the past is revived — *Show*

Boat and *The Red Mill* are two recent examples — the critics are certain to write that one of its greatest assets is the evocation in an audience of the nostalgic mood. This, I believe, is only partly true. What is also materially evoked, particularly by the lovely old songs, is the antonym of nostalgia. Fond melody does not make one think tenderly alone of what has been and is gone. It also sometimes makes one think of what may come in one's life, of sentimental dream and hope, and of wished-for illusion and flowered horizon.

* * *

Monte Cristo, Jr. — Eugene O'Neill, who has come to be the foremost dramatist in our theatre, knows the ins and outs of the craft as few of his colleagues do. He has not learned them slowly, but seems to have known them from his boyhood. I give you an example.

Many years ago, after playing *Monte Cristo* for season after season, James O'Neill, his father, took the play in a cut-down forty minute version over the vaudeville circuit and, with it, Eugene and his brother Jim as actors of minor roles. A difficulty soon presented itself. The shifting of one scene in particular was so slow (the vaudeville stagehands were unaccustomed to quick scene changes in any one act on the bill) that there was nothing to do but insert a time-killing bit "in one." Various ideas were thought up to serve the pur-

pose, but none of them worked. Whereupon, son Eugene came to the rescue. Costumed as something remotely representing coast guards but more accurately looking like a pair of characters out of *Robin Hood*, he and his brother, both swinging lanterns, slowly crossed the stage while the scenery was being changed behind the drop curtain and retailed the following choice bit of dialogue:

JIM: It is a rough night on the ocean waves.

EUGENE: It is also a rough night under the ocean waves.

The audience duly greeted the bit as very tasty humor, roared its approval, and the scene-changing situation was solved.

* * *

In the Pit. — Several years ago, I mentioned that the illusion of the theatre was hardly served and furthered by the dowdy female battle-axes who are often employed as ushers. My mail was soon filled with protests from the old girls who, quite rightly, argued that they needed the jobs and that any such discouragement of their hire would operate to their serious embarrassment. I accordingly hesitate to set down what I am about to, but here, anyway, it is — with the hope that it will not lose anyone a job.

More and more, the orchestras at the musical shows seem to be employing female musicians to fill out their quotas. Most of these ladies, not only in the matter of wardrobe but looks, are pretty frightening. To

sweep the eyes over them and up to stages given to melodic romance offers a considerable ocular and emotional difficulty. They interpose their unappetizing persons between one and the stage's efforts toward illusion, and the hurdle is not easy to take. I do not say that their male colleagues in the pit are anything to soften the æsthetic vision. Far from it. But at least we have become so used to them over the long years that we do not notice them, and they thus offer no interposing discomfort. The women, however, are something new; we are not yet used to them; and the consequences are unfortunate.

* * *

Obituary. — The New York Times, in its obituary of the late and deeply lamented Theodore Dreiser, printed the following paragraph:

A fortuitous accident ended his St. Louis career. He had become dramatic critic under a city editor who did not like him. One night three shows were scheduled to open. As was the St. Louis custom, Dreiser wrote his reviews in advance. None of the shows opened, but the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* carried reviews of them all. Dreiser's forced resignation followed.

The obituary should properly have included, and in big type, the city editor in question, whoever he is or was. To say nothing of the missed justice of his forced resignation in place of Dreiser's. Reflect upon the mind and competence of a city editor who assigned a single reviewer simultaneously to cover three different

shows. Or of one who didn't check whether the shows had opened or not and let the reviews be printed. The implication that it was faulty of Dreiser to review the shows in advance hardly stands up in the face of the other circumstances, even if, as stated, it was the invariable St. Louis practice, which I doubt. The shows in question, judging from the record of road bookings at the time, were in the *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, *A Trip to Chinatown* and *Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model* catalogue. Since Dreiser and almost everybody else around a newspaper shop had probably already seen each of them a half dozen times — and appreciated the usual quality of the road companies — reviewing them in advance presented no problem in either fact or aesthetics. It is not, moreover, stated whether Dreiser's reviews were favorable or unfavorable. If they were unfavorable, so much the better. Any three such shows which decided on one and the same night that they wouldn't open must certainly have been prime flops anyway.

The *Globe-Democrat* should have raised Dreiser's salary, and made him city editor.

* * *

Chronology. — It is a peculiarity that many of the biggest theatrical successes in the way of more recent plays and musical shows are laid not in the present but in the past. Consider *Life With Father*, *I Remember Mama*, *The Glass Menagerie*, *Up in Central*

Park, *Oklahoma!*, *The Red Mill*, *Show Boat*, *Bloomer Girl*, *Carousel*, *Song of Norway*, *Billion Dollar Baby*, *Pygmalion*, etc. And the two shows that remain still, as over the years, the biggest consistent draws on the road are *The Student Prince* and *Blossom Time*.

* * *

The Rewards of Virtue. — The Hollywood Screen Writers' Guild lately published a year's earnings of its film scenarist members. The report shows that six earned more than \$100,000 each, sixty-six between \$10,000 and \$15,000 each, sixty-one between \$15,000 and \$20,000 apiece, twenty-two between \$20,000 and \$30,000 each, thirty-two between \$30,000 and \$40,000 each, twenty-eight between \$40,000 and \$50,000 apiece, thirty-seven between \$50,000 and \$75,000 each, and eleven between \$75,000 and \$100,000 apiece.

Of all the many pictures these bankers had written, the one chosen by the New York Film Critics' Circle as the prize-winner was the movie version of a best-seller novel by a writer who had never been near Hollywood, that had been endorsed by the literary critics for its honest realism, and that the aforesaid operating Hollywood bankers had twisted into a bogus happy ending. To wit, *The Lost Weekend*.

The one chosen as the best by the film critics of 400 newspapers, magazines, wire services and syndicates throughout the nation, plus the film

commentators of eighty-one radio stations, was a mediocre biographical film about Woodrow Wilson which in various aspects closely resembled the considerably superior play on the same subject called *In Time to Come*, shown in the theatre in December 1941. The two selected as next in line of merit were both film versions of best-selling novels, *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* and *Keys of the Kingdom*. Four others singled out for honorable mention were derived from published books: *Valley of Decision*, *Laura*, *The Story of GI Joe*, and *National Velvet*. And a fifth was a film version of the play, *The Corn Is Green*, produced in the theatre some years before.

Apparently there is big money to be made in Hollywood from other men's imaginations.

* * *

Among the Missing. — A few titbits which you will not find in the stage histories:

It was Walter Jones, then appearing in *The Pulse of New York* in the late 1880's, who, in the role of Snapper, devised the tramp act that in later years was copied by innumerable comedians and became a standard figure in the gallery of American comic stage characters.

The musical comedy idea as we have come to know it in this country was originated by one Alice Oates, who operated a company in the early 1870's. It was she who thought to incorporate various light operatic

songs into straight comedies which had not gone too well. The notion caught on, was developed, and gradually resulted in what we call musical comedy.

Madame Nazimova left her native Russia when governmental censorship prevented her from showing a play called *The Chosen People*, which was favorable to the Jews. She forthwith took it to Berlin, where it was a great popular success.

That the late George M. Cohan was the father of American quickstep stage direction is known. The means devised for guaranteeing it, however, are probably not. It was his method never to allow a door on the stage to be uncovered, that is, always to have one or more actors close to every door and in tip-toe readiness for an immediate entrance. There consequently was never a second lost, and the stage action galloped along without a break.

Augustin Daly got a lot of credit for doing things that were not of his inspiration but rather that of a dramatic critic named Stephen Fiske.

The born name of Billy Watson of Beef Trust burlesque fame was Isaac Levy. That of an old-time minor burlesque comic known as Isaac Levy was Billy Mulligan.

Pietro Brignoli, the most popular operatic tenor in the America of his far day, nevertheless caused audiences to laugh derisively at his huge bulk and low-comedy walk.

Henry Clay Barnabee, a member of the dignified and famous *Bostonians*

company, at one time did an act in vaudeville, in which he imitated a man with a cork leg, which proved a riot.

The stage histories tell us that Ada Rehan's name was Crehan, that the printer of the programs upon her first appearance with Daly's company accidentally dropped the C, and that hereafter the actress herself dropped it. Her real name, I learn from persons who should know, was O'Neill.

For the last twenty years of her stage career, Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske for all publicity purposes used lithographs and photographs of herself made and taken when she was a dewy redhead.

Vaudeville as we know it in this country, that is, the continuous performance idea, was born of a dream had by B. F. Keith, the subsequent vaudeville king, in 1885. Keith in his sleep saw a lot of people successively singing and dancing on a stage and, when the Gaiety Musée in Boston, with which he was connected financially, seemed about to go on the rocks, put the notion into execution and turned the tide.

Lotta Faust, the musical comedy

toast of the New York of her day, started out in life as a cash girl in Abraham and Straus' dry goods store in Brooklyn.

Elsie Janis began her vaudeville career as a child on the advice of President McKinley, for whom she had mimicked various well-known figures of the day.

Louis N. Parker, the well-known "English" playwright, was born in France and educated in Germany.

Lillian Russell, baptized Helen Louise Leonard, got that name from Tony Pastor, whose first impulse was to christen her Antoinette Pasley.

The celebrated beauty, Pauline Hall of comic opera fame, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, as Pauline Schmidgall, was by her second marriage a sister-in-law to C. M. S. McLellan, author of *The Belle of New York* and *Leah Kleschna*, at one time acted in German at the old Thalia Theatre on the Bowery, would have walked a mile for a pretzel, and, especially famous for her symmetrical limbs embalmed in the old cigarette pictures, was as a ballet child slightly knock-kneed and known to the kids in her neighborhood as Funnylegs.



THERE is no faith, and no stoicism, and no philosophy, that a mortal man can possibly evoke, which will stand the final test in a real impassioned onset of Life and Passion upon him. Faith and philosophy are air, but events are brass.

— HERMAN MELVILLE: *Pierre*

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSIC LIBRARY

BY ARTHUR BRONSON

SOME time in 1942 a distinguished-looking foreigner entered the Free Library in Philadelphia and introduced himself as Francisco Mignone, a composer from Brazil. He asked to see Arthur Cohn, director of the Edwin A. Fleisher Collection. He had heard, he said, that the Library contained the largest collection of Latin-American music in the world, and he wished, while visiting the United States, to pay his respects to its custodian.

Cohn greeted him warmly and led him to the music section. "We have some of your own work, you know," he told Mignone, and the composer's face flushed with pleasure. "Would you like to see your *Brazilian Suite*?"

"Oh, but that is impossible," Mignone replied sadly. "It does not exist. The manuscript was lost four years ago when I sent it to Paris."

"Nevertheless," said Cohn, "it's here." And he laid the complete score and parts before the astounded composer.

Then Cohn explained that he had found scattered individual parts in the Brazilian Exhibit at the New York

World's Fair in 1940. The conductor's score was missing, but Cohn borrowed the motley pieces and had them copied at the Library in Philadelphia. He also had his copyists reconstruct the conductor's score from the odd parts — by no means an easy assignment in music copying. And here the suite was complete, ready for performance, with sufficient playing parts for a full orchestra.

"It is a miracle!" cried Mignone. "It is worth half my career to know that the suite has been saved."

The "miracle" is, so to speak, performed daily; and the great orchestra conductors who use the Fleisher Collection constantly have learned to accept the miraculous without surprise.

When conductor Eugene Goossens wants to perform some Inca music; when Choreographer Leonide Massine plans to set a ballet to some rare Mozart dances; or when jazz maestro Ferde Grofé needs some early American music; they come to the Fleisher Collection. A great many scores of Mozart, Beethoven and Rimski-Korsakov can be found only in these files. During the 1944-45 concert season,

ARTHUR BRONSON, formerly assistant music and dramatic critic for the Philadelphia Record, is now a member of the staff of Variety.

the Library lent 456 works for performance to the symphony orchestras of the United States, Canada and Mexico. The four major radio chains are constantly calling on the Library for material. Most of the South American symphonic music that was played on NBC's three-year series, the Inter-American University of the Air, came from the Fleisher files.

II

The Fleisher Collection, valued at six million dollars, is the largest collection of orchestral music in the world. It contains the complete scores and individual parts of about 11,000 orchestral works, accumulated over the years by a shy philanthropist who presented his collection to the Free Library in 1929, and has been adding to it ever since.

Edwin A. Fleisher was born in Philadelphia sixty-eight years ago. From boyhood on, he played the violin in amateur orchestras. As his yarn business prospered, he founded the Symphony Club to give free musical instruction to young people of any color, sex or religion. Fleisher's interest in procuring music for his Club started his music-collecting career. As his collection grew to include rare works as well as neglected scores, it began to attract the attention of those interested in music everywhere. In 1929 Fleisher, now retired, made a collecting trip through Europe. When the Soviet government learned that the collection was for the use of students without charge, it gave Fleisher

everything he wanted, merely asking incidental costs. London authorities let him have copies of anything he requested, including music never before sold or even published. Altogether Fleisher brought back over a thousand written or printed works whose value was then estimated at a hundred thousand dollars. Each work was complete, with parts for every instrument in the orchestra. This was no longer merely a collection; it was a music library and its proud owner presented it, that same year, to the Free Library of Philadelphia.

The collection had one great lack — contemporary American works. Fleisher had bought all he could find, which was little enough. Only a small percentage of such music was published, for very few composers could afford the \$500 to \$1000 necessary to have full parts copied out and published. Hence the bulk was in manuscript form, unavailable for orchestral use. The problem seemed insoluble. Then, in 1934, the federal government agreed to start a WPA music copying project in Philadelphia with the Fleisher Collection as its basis. Its purpose was threefold — to have manuscript works of American composers copied, so that they would be ready for performance; to put contemporary music into a more permanent form; and to build up, under one roof, a comprehensive library of recent American musical composition.

Over a thousand works, by 350 carefully selected contemporary American composers, were thus copied, ready for

performance. The WPA paid for the labor; the Library furnished the space and general equipment; and Fleisher paid all the non-labor costs, such as inks, special paper, office supplies, insurance, travel expenses and Arthur Cohn's salary as head of the copying project. Cohn became the Collection's sparkplug, and undoubtedly knows it better than anyone else — including its founder. Still in his thirties, Cohn is a teacher, lecturer and composer.

At this time the Library was also lamentably weak in Latin American music. Cohn estimates that prior to 1940 there were only ten complete South American scores in the United States, and Fleisher had acquired these for his collection. Fleisher had an inspiration. He would send musicologist Nicolas Slonimsky to Latin America, to visit its composers and buy their music or borrow it to be copied. The proposal won the blessings of the State Department, the Rockefeller Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs and the Pan-American Union, all of whom were anxious to promote any undertaking that made for goodwill between the Americas. Slonimsky managed to acquire for the Library about 650 works — the largest collection of Latin American music in the world.

III

The fact that the Fleisher Collection is the world's largest is not its sole distinction. It is the only symphonic collection open to general use by rec-

ognized musical organizations without fee. No charge is made for the loan of music, the only condition for borrowing being that the music is unobtainable anywhere else. The enterprise is further unique in that no other collection in the country has full orchestral parts — about 100 — of each work to lend for performances.

The Collection contains the standard orchestral works of every country in the world with hardly an exception. It has all the symphonic music of Beethoven, Brahms, Mozart and Schumann. It also has the complete orchestral works of Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, Elgar and Strauss. It owns 103 of the 104 symphonies that Haydn wrote. The 104th, according to Cohn, is somewhere in Germany — the Nazis had it in Berlin — and scouts are looking now to acquire or copy it. Three of the Haydn symphonies in the Fleisher Collection were photographed from the originals in Belgium in 1940, just before the Nazis swept in. The photographed scores came in on sheets the size of playing cards and were copied out from these sheets while under a microfilm reader.

Among the oddities in the Collection are a *Concerto for Hand Organ and Orchestra* by Haydn; three *concerti* for guitar and orchestra, and two for theremin and orchestra. It even has a work written originally for a group of elephants — Stravinsky's *Circus Polka*, subtitled *Composed for a Young Elephant* — which was commissioned in 1942 by the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey circus. Then there

Charles Ives' *Fourth Symphony*, a poly-rhythmic work written for an orchestra divided into three parts, with three rhythms (an *allegro*, *andante* and a march) all going at once, the work requiring three conductors to perform!

The Library even owns some Nazi and Fascist music bought during the war. Cohn reports that, oddly enough, much of the work is based on church music.

The worth of the Fleisher Collection to America and to the music

world is incalculable. It is a living thing, in constant use. Certain classical works are heard today only because Fleisher dug them up and brought them to this country for performance. Many modern American and European composers and their works would be unknown, but for this collection. And, as Cohn says, "Future generations of critics and historians will be able to trace the development of contemporary music back to its source through this gigantic collection."



The Two Faces of Comedy —

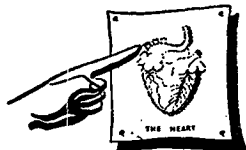
Humor is the describing the ludicrous as it is in itself; wit is the exposing of it, by comparing or contrasting it with something else. Humor is, as it were, the growth of nature and accident; wit is the product of art and fancy. Humor, as it is shown in books, is an imitation of the natural or acquired absurdities of mankind, or of the ludicrous in accident, situation and character; wit is the illustrating and heightening the sense of that absurdity by some sudden and unexpected likeness or opposition of one thing to another, which sets off the quality we laugh at or despise in a still more contemptible or striking point of view. Wit, as distinguished from poetry, is the imagination or fancy inverted, and so applied to given objects, as to make the little look less, the mean more light and worthless; or to divert our admiration or wean our affections from that which is lofty and impressive, instead of producing a more intense admiration and exalted passion, as poetry does.

— WILLIAM HAZLITT: *Essays*

Your heart doesn't look

like this!  It is a complicated pump

about the size of your fist,



daily circulating over 9000 quarts of
blood through miles of arteries.

Given moderate care, this remarkable
engine will be your friend for life.
Enemies that place an extra load on

your heart are—*high blood pressure...*

hardening of the arteries...unwise phys-

ical strain ...



infectious dis-

eases ... and infected tonsils or teeth.

Overweight, too,



makes your

heart work harder, so keep your weight

down!

Are you a friend of your heart?
You can be! Be moderate in your
habits of exercise. Avoid loss
of sleep. Have periodic physical
and dental examinations.

For more information about the
heart, send for Metropolitan's free
booklet, 46-L, "Protecting Your
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WILL AMERICA RULE THE WAVES?

BY ALBERT A. BRANDT

FOR the third time in little more than a century, the United States rules supreme on the seven seas. More than 61 per cent of all the merchant ships in the world today fly the American flag. This is a far cry from prewar days when the Union Jack flew over the world's biggest merchant marine, with our own lagging miles behind. To many Americans, as well as to virtually all Britons, this seemed a normal state of affairs.

To hold in peace what has been gained at great sacrifice in war apparently is one of America's inherent inabilities. The story of what happened to our great merchant fleet built during World War I is characteristic in this respect. American shipyards then met the challenge of the Kaiser's U-boats by turning out 13,636,000 tons of new shipping. It was the greatest feat in the history of maritime construction.

When the emergency was over, we were surprised, and not a little embarrassed, to find that we had regained the maritime supremacy lost to Britain at the start of the Industrial Revolution when America's wooden-

hulled Yankee Clippers were hopelessly outclassed by England's steel-bottomed ocean steamers.

But we had no desire to become the world's leading maritime nation. To do so would have cost a great deal, due to the handicaps, then as now, imposed on American shipping — handicaps brought about by the higher cost of production in United States shipbuilding yards, higher American crew wages, higher maintenance and repair costs. To keep a large merchant fleet on the high seas and to make efficient replacements for the slow and low quality ships built by mass production during the war would have necessitated both construction and operating subsidies. There was little sentiment in favor of such a policy.

By 1936, when the Merchant Marine Act was passed to end the progressive decay of our mercantile marine, at least 80 per cent of the volume of our exports and imports — the greatest in the world — was being carried in foreign bottoms. The Maritime Commission, created by the Merchant Marine Act, halted this

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trend by granting generous subsidies and by building better and faster ships. But even so, recovery was slow and Pearl Harbor found an inadequate American merchant marine woefully unprepared to cope with the tremendous demands suddenly thrust upon it.

To meet the combined challenge of Hitler's U-boats and the rampaging Japanese fleet, a miracle of production was brought about which dwarfed the accomplishments of World War I. Month after month, the output of American shipyards skyrocketed. In the year of peak production, 1943, over 19,000,000 tons of American-built shipping were added to the Allied pool, more than offsetting the tremendous toll which Nazi submarines had taken the year before. As a result of this phenomenal record of production, the American merchant marine today possesses some 5529 ships totalling 56,797,000 deadweight tons — almost two-thirds of the world's tonnage.

What to do with this great fleet is a problem that has haunted ship owners, government officials, and politicians here and in Europe for many months. Since the Allied Shipping Pool was dissolved on March 2, 1946, a speedy solution, one way or another, has become imperative.

The question of which country should have the biggest merchant fleet in the world is only part of the problem. Naturally Great Britain, which for so long has ruled the oceans and is probably more dependent on

shipping than any other nation, does not welcome the prospect of coming out a poor second in the race for maritime supremacy. Other Allied nations like France, Norway, and the Netherlands, also feel that, comparatively, they have lost too much and America has gained too much in the common emergency.

Another aspect of the problem deserves close attention. About one-third of the vast merchant fleet now sailing under the American flag consists of Liberty ships — slow, mass-produced, unattractive vessels built to provide quick replacements of cargo space at a time when the enemy was sinking Allied ships faster than all the shipyards of the United Nations could produce them.

In war, these ugly ducklings of our merchant marine proved their value beyond question. Contrary to a widely held prejudice, only very few of them "came apart at the seams" in rough weather. The great bulk of the 2600 Liberty ships that have come off the assembly lines since 1941 would take anything wind and sea threw at them. When unescorted, they were an easy prey for submarines, but assembled in vast convoys they successfully delivered essential supplies to Britain, to Russia, to the Far East.

In peacetime, however, the Liberty ships may be all but useless. With their extremely low speed of eleven to twelve knots, they cannot hope to hold their own in competitive world trade. To operate these vessels at

international freight rates would cost millions of dollars in subsidies. They would be sea-going white elephants.

Developments after the last war proved conclusively that there is more to profitable ocean traffic than the possession of a large merchant fleet. Germany, although stripped of practically her entire prewar shipping, within a few years following World War I launched a brand new fleet of fast, modern liners and cargo carriers that were marvels of efficiency and in a very short time was able to build up an extensive and profitable business abroad.

II

In 1943 as soon as the worst of the emergency was over, the United States Maritime Commission adopted a new program of construction with an eye on postwar conditions. Feeling that this country again would be outclassed in world competition if the slow-moving Liberty ship were to become the backbone of its merchant marine, the Commission initiated mass production of a new type of ship of approximately the same deadweight tonnage, but of superior design and quality. Equipped with geared turbine propulsion machinery, the new type vessels were capable of a speed of as much as 17.5 knots.

Since April, 1944, no new contracts for the construction of Liberty ships have been let by the Maritime Commission, but some contracts then still in force were completed last year.

Meanwhile, production facilities have been converted to the production of Victory ships, and of the so-called C-types, fast, modern cargo vessels designed for peacetime uses. The output of oil tankers also has risen tremendously from year to year and is now at its peak.

While the present program of maritime construction assures the United States of a merchant fleet that will be able to hold its own in the stiff postwar competition, the question remains as to what should be done with the vast numbers of Liberty ships still on hand.

Numerous solutions to this problem have been suggested. Because of the international issues involved, the most controversial proposal is that of scrapping the ships. The idea has been put forward by Sir Nicholas Cayzer, recently retired chairman of the Liverpool Steamship Owners Association, and by other British shipping men, on the grounds that continued operation after the war of America's 23,000,000 tons of surplus Liberty ships on a subsidy basis would depress freight rates the world over and thus be harmful to the interests of other maritime nations.

Sir Nicholas' suggestion — which has its advocates in this country, too — immediately elicited an angry response from the more nationalist section of the American press, which has a standing grudge against the "give-away-boys" and has had its fill of being "sporting" toward good old Britain. It has also been attacked

vigorously by Basil Harris, president of the United States Lines, who warned that the American public, which contributed more than twenty-seven billion dollars in tax money and war bonds to finance the Liberty ship program would "rebel at the idea of scrapping ships."

The Maritime Commission is also decidedly opposed to junking our proud wartime merchant fleet. It wants to sell some of the ships and hold the remainder in reserve. One plan, which has the support of the Commission and Admiral Emory S. Land, until recently its chief, calls for legally holding between 1000 and 2000 Liberty ships, representing from ten to twenty million deadweight tons, in snug harbor to prevent a glut of postwar shipping, and to constitute a strategic reserve which we would need in the event of another war. This huge fleet of "untouchable" ships would be held in readiness permanently, its machinery sealed by white lead, its hulls protected by modern anti-barnacle methods. Admiral Land figures that the vessels could be cared for at an annual cost of less than \$3000 each.

The snug harbor project is well on the road to implementation, for the Merchant Ship Sales Act, which passed Congress on February 26 and was signed by the President a few days later, empowers the Commission to maintain in reserve such vessels as are deemed necessary for national defense. The sale of the remainder, however, presents considerable difficulties.

The same Act authorizes the Maritime Commission to sell the balance of the government's war-built shipping (except for tugs, barges, and other small craft) at prices ranging from 30 to 87½ per cent of its prewar construction cost. This puts a price tag of more than \$500,000 on a Liberty ship. Citizens receive preference over foreigners, but the prospect of finding buyers in either category is far from rosy.

Because of our maritime laws and high wage standards, American shipping companies are not anxious to acquire vessels which cannot meet the peacetime competition of newly-built, faster and more profitable vessels of other countries. Hence almost all of the customers will probably be foreign shipping concerns, especially those in South America, which are not nurturing world trade ambitions and therefore can afford to operate far below our standards.

Some officials hope to sell or charter about 12,000,000 tons to Allied nations and to dispose of about 17,000,000 tons to American operators. Both these goals, however, depend upon the market. The government expects to withdraw from the carrying trade as soon as hostilities are officially declared at an end, and if private interests here and abroad fail to absorb the war-built surplus, additional provisions for it will have to be made.

Because of the mountains of paper work before it in computing and publishing prices, the Commission will probably not have its disposal pro-

gram in full swing until late summer.

Whatever the disposal eventually made of the huge surplus of Liberty ships, there can be little doubt that the United States, with its impressive array of Victory ships, C-types, tankers and other vessels still will be mistress of the peacetime seas. In the words of Mr. Harris, "The United States is on the oceans of the world to stay," whether the other countries like it or not. It is estimated by experts that the wartime expansion of American shipping will provide about six million jobs out of the fifty-five to sixty million needed for full employment.

III

But even though America will probably retain the lead in international sea trade for a long time to come, we still face a strong and skillful competition, particularly that of the British. There are no precise figures available on the present size of her merchant fleet but reliable estimates place it in the neighborhood of 15,000,000 gross tons, or about 22,500,000 deadweight tons. This would be considerably less than one-half the American tonnage. A large percentage of this fleet is also of an emergency-built type, not much better suited for economic postwar trading than are our Liberty ships.

An important factor, however, that plays in Britain's favor, is the worldwide organization of agents, trading connections, and general "know-how"

acquired from her centuries-old supremacy in water-borne trade. All this will stand the British in good stead now that they find themselves outclassed for the first time since they wrested the maritime leadership from the Dutch at the end of the eighteenth century.

As for competition from other quarters, France lost fully two-thirds of her prewar tonnage of 3,000,000 gross, or 4,500,000 deadweight in the war. Of the three Axis partners which, in 1939, aggregated some 13,500,000 gross tons (20,250,000 deadweight), Germany and Japan will be limited solely to coastwise shipping for many years to come, while Italy is expected to retain a relatively insignificant merchant fleet.

Norway, on the other hand, is expected to regain her balance in a fairly short time. In September 1939, this enterprising little nation of only three million people ranked fourth among the chief maritime nations, after Britain, the United States and Japan. Of her prewar fleet of 4,900,000 gross tons (7,350,000 deadweight), fully 47.5 per cent was lost through enemy action. However, immediately after her liberation, Norway gained possession of twenty-four large and fast new vessels, built for Norwegian account by Swedish shipyards during the war.

Sweden is also prepared to enter the postwar shipping contest. Her losses during the war have been largely replaced by new construction and the Swedish merchant fleet today

represents about 2,200,000 deadweight tons. Swedish shipping, modern and highly specialized, is in competition with Britain more than with the United States.

Soviet Russia is the great question mark in the future of world trade and shipping. Traditionally not a seafaring nation, the Russians already have indicated that they intend to become both a maritime and a naval power.

Russian merchant shipping suffered heavily in the early years of the war when practically all her ports in the west were either occupied by the enemy or under fire. How much of her prewar merchant fleet is left, and how much new tonnage has been built, the Russians have not yet divulged. But we do know that Stalin's policy is squarely aimed at giving his country unrestricted access to, and a share of, the commerce of the seven seas, and today Soviet shipyards are busier than they ever have been.

Thus, the struggle for postwar control of the sea lanes is on. The United Maritime Authority, under whose orders Allied shipping has operated, is now dissolved, and we may expect a free-for-all that will make the 1919-20 scramble for leadership look mild.

Britain has just restored private control of cargo ships, effective March 2, 1946. Other nations may be expected to follow suit as troop movements cease and conditions return to normal. And normalcy in shipping, as in world trade generally, means keen competition and intense nationalism.

This time, it looks as though the American public is more awake to the need for a strong and modern merchant marine than it was after the last war. Quoting Basil Harris again, "The United States intends to approach as nearly as feasible the carrying of 50 per cent of its expanded foreign trade in its own merchant fleet." And Almon E. Roth, president of the National Federation of American Shipping, recently has launched the slogan: "Ship and travel American."

But Admiral Land adds a note of moderation:

"Americans have no ambitions to hog the sea," he says. "We will play ball with anybody who is willing to play with us. All we ask is that our legitimate requirements — which, everything considered, are not large — be accepted by our friends abroad."



God sends meat, and the Devil sends cooks.

— JOHN TAYLOR

THE WELL-TEMPERED MIND

BY HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN

THE other day a pretty Vassar girl got off the bus at College Avenue. The campus lay to the left of the bus, and just as the motorman started up again, the pretty miss stepped off the curb and unconcernedly picked her way across to the college gate, right in front of the bus. The driver cut off his power and slammed on his brakes. We jolted to a stop. The bus driver turned round and faced me. "Did you see that, Doc?" he asked. "Educate 'em, and educate 'em, and educate 'em! And what good does it do?"

As I left the bus at Taylor Gate, I pondered. Where had I failed? Should I have taught her not to cross in front of buses after they start? Not to put her heel down on slippery ice, not to leave the flatiron with the current on? Not this, and not that? Not this, and not that? That's the way "the Good Wife taught her Daughter" in the Middle Ages, a thousand separate warnings. A thousand should have been enough in those days. Did it work? Or should I have contented myself with one "Be Careful" and let it go, as most teachers do?

As I entered my office, the Dean brought me a letter from overseas, from Susi in Vienna, the lovely Austrian girl who had been the light of our eyes a few years back, with her joyous laughter. I could recall her figure as she "skied" down Sunrise Hill. No joy in this letter, though. A picture instead of devastation and horror, with a brave spirit struggling against outrageous fortune. And then she added, "It all burns down to one thing — education."

Education — what good does it do? It all burns down to one thing, education. What's the answer?

I went home to lunch. My wife had a letter from Vlasta, in Praha. She had just been attending a congress of girl scouts in Paris, and had been delayed in crossing Germany. "Go home, you beautiful GI boys," she wrote, "go home, before we come to hate and despise you. Beautiful GIs who helped set my country free, how could you become . . . predatory mercenaries?"

Trained to win victories, but not to keep the peace. What was wrong? Was it education?

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Anyhow, I thought, we've got to have it. If there's no living with it, there's certainly no living without it. Somehow we've got something we call civilization by the tail, and it's a mighty big bear. We just can't let go. Somehow we must resolve this paradox.

Maybe Susi agrees with the bus driver, after all. Maybe it does burn down to a kind of education that will make folks want to see GIs around — they're going to have to be around for a good many years, and it's mighty important what folks are going to think about them. We'd better start quickly, for we're certainly on the wrong track now, and time's running out on us. It's this generation, or — nothing.

II

Let's look into this a little closer. That Vassar girl at the corner was a good student, getting a good education, according to her lights. Her lights just didn't include traffic lights. Why not? Ruined Vienna, home of culture and the arts, but helpless always in great crises of history — why had Vienna failed? What education would help? And those GIs — why did their morale and their conduct go to pieces when they became masters?

Don't they really point all one way — that a part, but not all, of the mind has been made aware of things? When all of it is alerted, shall we not have true education? Aren't we being specialized to death? In a world where

generalized beings alone can survive, we are being jammed and crowded into specialized jobs of living with little or no reference to their general significance.

Gay Vienna waltzed in the dance of life, and nobody told her that it was a Dance of Death. The Vassar girl put her intellect on the shelf along with her books, and lived stupidly. The American soldiers couldn't face garrison life, because they had been trained for action only.

The trouble with specialized education lies right here. It's only temporary, local; whereas the law of life is the law of growth and adaptation. Remember how long it took for air power to penetrate the military mind? Why? Because it was specialized along different ballistical ideas.

Remember what happened to the dinosaurs? I picked up *The Perennial Philosophy*, by Aldous Huxley, and read this: "It is only by remaining precariously generalized that an organism can advance toward that central intelligence which is its compensation for not having a body and instinct perfectly adapted to the kind of life in our particular kind of environment."

Nothing new about that; just straight biological common sense. Every biologist knows it. Why don't we make our education conform to it?

"Precariously generalized." That's it. Nowhere perfectly secure; but our security is better gained by imperfect generalization than by perfect specialties working independently.

"We've never lost a college building

by fire at Vassar," I thought, and knocked on wood, complacently. "Not because it's all fireproof. It isn't. But we have generalized our fire risk. We are ready to meet each challenge. Everybody is a member of the fire brigade. If a fire starts — and it does — we know what to do about it. Special skills service the general situation."

I went over to Belle Skinner Hall. "Mr. Geer," I said, "you're a musician. Tell me about Bach's 'well-tempered clavichord'."

"Before Bach," said Mr. Geer, kindly, "the clavichord was tuned to a just or pure temperament. Each note had an arithmetical relation to the next, in the octave. That was all right for certain keys, but it didn't work for all keys. Bach tuned the strings of the octave in geometrical progression, giving each tone in the twelve half tones the value of the twelfth root of two, so that the relationships were all equal and the octave intervals from one to two were equally tempered. So, the clavichord was set to meet the need of every tonality, and his 'well-tempered clavichord' contained compositions in all twenty-four keys."

A little groggy, I hung on to the meaning beyond my foggy enlightenment. "Would you say that a well-tempered mind was a mind so ordered that it could work well in every situation?"

He thought a minute, "Yes, I guess you could say that, and not be far wrong."

So, what I want of education is *the well-tempered mind*.

III

I have criticized the advocates of "general education" in the past. I don't like the Harvard Plan, or any other plan that thinks that by putting together one or two sciences, or by requiring one and the same course of everybody, it has solved the problem of the well-tempered mind. It doesn't go far enough. It isn't general enough.

In fact, the well-tempered mind is independent of any specific knowledge. A night watchman may be better educated than a doctor of philosophy, and often is. Liberal education isn't liberal enough, that's all. You can arrange knowledge as you please, though personally I'm satisfied with the present shape and size of the packages, but you won't get a well-tempered mind until you have distributed experience and learning over the whole process of growth which persists in all life.

I went home and worked out an Octave of Education. I tuned it to Religion, the ultimate Reality. At the opposite end I put Mathematics and Logic, the tools with which we learn about things and events. Then I went up the scale, filling it out until it stood thus:

Logic (mathematics, science)
Aesthetics (art)
Civics (family, community, citizenship)
Economics (livelihood)
Politics (the state, law)
Ethics (morals, good conduct)
Metaphysics (first principles)
Religion

These with their half tones — for it isn't as simple as that — make up the scale to which the well-tempered mind is tuned. Given these, and the mind can meet every situation in life. Some can play by ear, but most of us have to learn the scale; and that, I think is education. Starting from a situation in any key, we can come to a harmonious solution, because the scale is adjusted to all human needs.

Henry Adams painted the Middle Ages as simple, his own time as complex. He saw no solution. He was wrong, because no human situation was ever simple, not even the primitive life of savages. It was always complex. There were always these keys, but they were not always tuned to each other. The solution is not to retreat into any "simple life," cloister, ivory tower, intellectualism, or any other. The solution is the adjustment of all phases of life to one another.

Just now, we're all talking about democracy. It's a good idea, better than most ideas. But if we work out a democratic scale for that idea alone, we shall have discord.

The age is political, and it is likely that we shall try to tune everything to that key. That's not realistic. The only true realities, to my way of thinking, are logic and religion, and of the two, I would rather take religion as my "middle C." I think it truer than fact, or reason. But anyhow, not politics, because in the long run everything in politics has reference to its ultimate in the reality of religion.

The well-tempered mind is not an

inert mind, a lazy or complacent mind. It is a mind ready, willing, and able for work at every level that life offers.

As I look around me, after forty-six years of continuous teaching, the only really happy students I know are those who have found this harmony in themselves. Can it be taught? It can be learned, anyhow. Not in the classroom alone, certainly. Nor can an ill-adjusted teacher teach it. The specialist who has let his specialty run away with him, who keys the whole world to it, no matter what the consequences, cannot teach it. The teacher, to begin with, must have the well-tempered mind himself.

There is no form of isolation so dangerous as this, which thinks life can be played in only one key.

IV

So I would let students study anything, provided they studied it well, and became competent in their field of study. But their life as students — oh, that is another matter. I would organize the college so that every one of the notes in my scale confronted students every day with situations at every level, scientific, logic, aesthetic, civic, economic, politic, ethic, metaphysic, religious — the whole scale. And because these come up in all life, not just the students' life, I would make the student as little different from his fellows as I possibly could. I would give the student experience and conscious learning on every level, us-

ing the whole college, trustees, administration, faculty, staff, graduates — the boiler plant and the kitchen, the farm and the comptroller, the snow and the rain, the neighbor and the visitor from afar; — from all of them something to give and to take in the life of learning. Only so can an educated mind become a well-tempered mind.

Now we are not all of us given perfectly healthy minds at the start. Mr. Geer says that in every scale there is an element that is unpleasant. Musicians used to call it the "wolf." This is tuned out in the well-tempered scale, distributed so that its harm is negligible. I think that the well-adjusted mind, similarly, if it has to meet situations on all these levels, will tune out its own private "wolf." I've seen this done with only a few other notes.

Marriage, for example, often gives the solution for the specialist, not because there's any magic in that state, but because the intellectual tends to become human when he has to run a furnace.

The industries have what they call a "test course," in which they put the young engineer through all the different processes of the industry. They find out his particular skill, and he finds out how to adjust to many needs. We need a test course in college, a test course including the whole of all four years of college, in which every mind comes to grips with problems in every field. Some of them will be in the regular courses, some in the dormitory, some in the college organization, pe-

litical, religious, athletic, dramatic, some just in daily living, in writing home, in meeting strangers, in keeping appointments, in learning how to be at one's best, to plan and to carry through, to understand and to sympathize, to think and to act, to appreciate and to worship, the right things. "Worship is worthship," the old pedant says, "reverence for that which is of most worth."

This all means a thorough reform of the academic attitude — a reform so thorough that all the old connotations of the word "academic" will slough off and be forgotten. It means that we take the whole scale back into our plan. Religion and metaphysics, first of all — so carefully avoided now, or given lip service and perfunctory acceptance, only. Then all the rest, each in its needs and challenges. Then we shall have really responsive people, alert, aware, sensitized to the possibilities of life. We shall need fewer shots in the arm — drink and narcotics, hazards and sensations, thrills and escapes and escapades, quarrels and antagonisms, frustrations and disheartenings, and all the rest that give college its all too frequent atmosphere of unreality. "Somewhere else," the student thinks, "is something real; there I shall find happiness." So she walks in front of the bus, opens the left hand swing door, drops her bike across the walk, scolds the maid, all because she's thinking of that history topic. Life is so unreal at college, so without meaning!

Educate 'em, and educate 'em,

and educate 'em, and what good does it do?" Well, maybe somebody some day will work out a college for students that can really live on every level, students for whom everything has meaning, students "precariously generalized," free because their secur-

ity lies within themselves, and so unafraid of tomorrow, students of the well-tempered mind.

Here, my good friend the Bus Driver, here's my new model 1946. See if you like her better as your next passenger.



DEATH OF A LITTLE MAN

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

THE stings, the rebuffs, the pricks of pain,
The nagging in his ear and brain
By one who said she pushed him on
While pushing him back — all, all are gone.

No more upon his face is shown
The small defeats etched deep as bone
Of a little man blown by the years
To ever narrowing hemispheres
Till now he sleeps upon the shelf
Of one no wider than himself —

Now, calm and heedless of her cries
And dignified by death, he lies
A little man with a secret glow
Looking for all the world as though
He had inherited at last
The earth — exactly as he has.

THE LAST OF THE WOBBLIES

By STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THE gloom of late winter afternoon draped and permeated all Portland. Wind whipped the harbor wildly. It flapped awnings of the joints along Burnside Street. Rain streaked the windows and glistened like rhinestones as the lights began to come on, one by one, in Erickson's, in the Valhalla, in a hundred other places known the world over to men who work outdoors with their hands. Dusk was coming down on Burnside, the most celebrated Skidroad in Oregon, or on earth.

At the corner of Third stood a figure familiar to this spot on Saturdays for two decades and more, Arthur Boose, the Wobbly paper boy, in fact the last of the Wobbly paper boys, here or elsewhere, a bundle of the *Industrial Worker* under one arm, the other supporting the husky overcoated man with a stout cane. . . . Get your copy of the *Worker*, he was saying, get your double-dose of industrial unionism hot off the griddle, learn the truth about the labor fakers, get into the One Big Union, be a man, five cents buys a complete education for any scissorbill, get your *Worker* now. . . . High wind, low rain, sunshine, sleet, or snow, or even troublesome cops, they are all the same to

Arthur Boose, the Old War Horse, and the Saturdays of twenty-odd years have found him on the Skidroad in Portland doing his level damndest to convert the dehornes, the scissorbills, the finks, the Mister Blocks, the Hoosiers, homeguards, hoboes and bums into Rebels; and the only Rebels who count with Boose are members of the Industrial Workers of the World — the Wobblies.

It is perhaps necessary, for those who came in late, to explain that the IWW, commonly called Wobblies, are likely the most distinctive and certainly the most American labor group the United States has ever known. Founded in 1905, militant, aggressive from the start, and as swiftly mobile as their membership which is (or was) composed of itinerant workers, the Wobblies raised more plain and particular hell in their twenty years of operations than any other union before or since. They organized the working stiffs of the woods, the mines, the harvest fields, the construction jobs, and occasionally the textile and the steel slaves. They staged strikes or riots in Lawrence, Massachusetts; in McKee's Rocks, Pennsylvania; in Calumet, Michigan; Virginia, Minnesota; Wheatland, California; Everett,

Washington, and many another place. Wherever the Wobblies were, there too was battle.

The Wobblies were out for nothing short of Revolution, immediate, manifest, and complete, and to this end they bent their every energy. No voting for them, no peaceful revolution. They were lighting the fire for the Red Dawn which many of them devoutly believed would blaze up from behind the mountain at the very same moment the money palaces of Morgan and Rockefeller exploded and turned into rubble, the result of well placed charges of 90 per cent stumping powder. World War I conditions took heavy toll of the Wobs, though they rallied and flared again in 1919 and appeared to be going pretty strong until internecine warfare ripped them into two factions. By 1925 their ranks had dreadfully thinned. Nor did the depression revive them. Their aging leaders joined the Communists, the Socialist Labor Party, Technocracy, and their rank and file went into the CIO, or even into the AFL. But not Old War Horse Boose.

II

Mellowed today, yet truculent enough in matters pertaining both to Capital and "the right kind of Unionism," Arthur Boose lives a spartan life and keeps bachelor quarters in a corner room of the Chester Rooms ("Reasonable Rates"), a venerable building along the Portland waterfront. He is a man of medium height, broad shoul-

dered, with a fine head topped by a heavy growth of silver hair. Always clean-shaven, except for a neatly trimmed mustache, he might make you think of a banker — God save us — were it not for the man's eyes. In them smolders the light that comes not from bonds and mortgages, nor yet from Arcturus, but from some inner fire, kindled perhaps from the same coals that burned in the eyes of old Johann Most, the anarchist of demoniac intensity from whom the young Arthur Boose of long years ago learned that things were not as they should be, that peace on earth and good will to men were a delusion so long as The System prevailed.

Boose is always dressed in quiet good clothes of heavy blue serge, and wears a spanking old-fashioned watch chain across his vest. He has carried a cane since that time, early this century, when a big white pine log came whirling down a Wisconsin rollway and crushed his leg. He was born in 1878 in Milwaukee of German immigrant parents, and in his speech is yet a faint trace of accent in respect to "w" and "v".

Arthur Boose's mother died when he was six. Ten years later he quit school and home, to work in logging camps as a cantdog man, then as a teamster, in the pineries along the Chippewa and other streams. It was near Phillips where his leg was crushed, and while convalescing in Milwaukee he attended art school. Painting today is his only hobby. While recovering from his injury, too, young Boose at-

tended lectures in the Milwaukee Freethinkers' Hall, a place of hellish reputation among the godly, and there one evening he listened spell-bound while the aging Johann Most, wild eyed and wild whiskered, the very model for the cartoonists' Anarchist, told of the need for revolution by the working class; and Lucy Parsons, widow of the Haymarket Martyr, related the manner by which the rulers of creation kept the working class in their places.

"Those two lectures made a great impression on me," Boose recalls. "I talked with Mrs. Parsons afterward. She was a brilliant and altogether wonderful woman. I came away convinced that the world could be bettered, even though I myself wasn't quite ready to do anything about it."

For the next few years Boose followed, as they say, the wheat harvests, and worked in logging camps. He drove team on construction jobs. And in 1909, in Minneapolis, he took out the Little Red Card that made him a Wobbly. Since that day he has never been in arrears with IWW dues, nor has he ever joined another union. If there is merit in consistency, then Wobbly Boose is a man of merit. Through good times and bad — very bad — through days and weeks and months and years in jails, workhouses, penitentiaries, through days of danger and of riot, under his real and his phony names, Old War Horse Boose has never wavered. The Wobblies are *right*, and their aging stalwart would rather be right than popular.

III

Wobbly Boose came first into national prominence in 1916. The First World War was under way and two years old. Wages in most industries had been going up, and the iron miners of the great Mesabi range in Minnesota wanted more pay. They started a half-hearted and wholly unorganized strike. Boose was in charge of the IWW hall at Duluth. Quickly seeing that their strike wasn't getting anywhere, a group of Finn miners sent a telegram to the Finnish newspaper in Duluth asking for an organizer, and Boose was asked if he would go. Turning over the Wobbly hall to another, Boose went to Aurora, a Mesabi mine town, and staged a couple of hot meetings. Local police, naturally dominated by the mining companies, put Boose in jail on a charge of "inciting to riot."

The War Horse was now stabled, but there was kick in him yet. Talking through the bars of the tiny jail in Aurora, he urged the miners to spread news of the burgeoning strike to all parts of the range as rapidly as possible. Spread it like forest fire, he said. That night a young Finn, Ormi something-or-other, started the spreading. He had no horse, no train of cars, so out of Aurora that evening he walked until he was beyond the vision of mine police. Then he ran.

In the prime of young manhood, the Finn ran swiftly through the twilight, traveling like a shadow blown by a soft Mesabi wind. At Biwabik he

roused the boys, then on to McKinley, and so on to Virginia, where he waked the secretary of the Finnish Brotherhood Lodge. Next morning few miners showed up for work anywhere along the eastern section of the range.

At the time of his arrest, Boose also managed to get word of events to IWW headquarters in Chicago, and now to the range came a whole pack of able organizers, among them Sam Scarlett, Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, Frank Little, later lynched at Butte, and Carlo Tresca, whose murder at Fifth Avenue and Fifteenth Street in 1943 still mystifies Manhattan police. At almost the same time that the organizers arrived, shooting started in the mine towns. Several miners were killed, and so were a couple of mine police.

Boose was moved from Aurora and confined in the jail at Virginia, then bailed out by a saloonkeeper. He promptly mounted the platform in the Finn hall and addressed a mass meeting of strikers. He said, among other things, that although the IWW did not believe in the use of violence, nevertheless workingmen must protect themselves; and now that the "mine Cossacks" had begun killing "innocent workers," it was perhaps time for the workers to arm themselves. He went on to speak of rats and parasites, and wound up by saying: "Parasites should be exterminated!"

"Fine, fine!" shouted Carlo Tresca, chairman of the meeting.

"For every miner killed," Boose went on, "a mine cop must die!"

This kind of talk was a great mistake, Boose says today. Eugene Debs had made the same kind of mistake in an earlier day, and so had Bill Haywood.

Well, the clubbing and shooting continued, and also the arrests of Wobbly organizers and sympathizers. The strike committee, figuring Boose was now a man marked for the cops, sent him to Duluth, just as newspapers came out with word of an indictment for murder against him and four other Wobblies. Boose, who seldom bothered to read capitalist newspapers, knew nothing of the indictment. A friendly attorney in Duluth told him about it and advised him to get out of there. Boose hid until train-time, while cops hunted him, then went to Minneapolis. It was still too warm. Wobbly Frank Little showed up with a copy of the newspaper in which Boose was quoted as saying that all of the mine cops ought to be killed. It also played up the murder indictment in a front-page box.

Now began a time of great danger for Boose. He knew he had nothing to do with the murder for which he had been indicted; it had occurred before he delivered his fiery speech in Virginia. But Little and Haywood warned him that would make no difference; he was a Wobbly organizer, hence he would be railroaded. They urged him to leave Minnesota. Boose went to Wisconsin to work a while in the woods, then to Chicago. Here he met

Haywood, Gurley (The) Flynn, Joe Ettor and other Wob leaders, and they all told him he was "hot," to get going to far places and to stay until the Mesabi strike was done. Changing his name to Arthur Fritz, Boose grabbed a fast freight and landed in Oklahoma, where he went to work driving team on a railroad construction job. Early in 1917 Haywood detailed him to go into the western oil fields to organize the working stiffs. He did, then was called to Tulsa to take charge of the IWW hall. He now dropped "Fritz" and became Boose again.

On September 5, 1917, the so-called Palmer Raids took place all over the country. Radicals and persons suspected of independent thought were arrested and jailed all the way from Maine to California. Oddly enough, the raiders overlooked Arthur Boose, secretary of the IWW at Tulsa. But not for long. On the twenty-eighth, three large, rather grim men attended one of Boose's educational talks in the Wobbly hall, then arrested and took him to jail. "I was charged," he remembers, "not only with being a fugitive from the murder charge in Minnesota, but with almost every crime I had ever heard of, including lack of what is commonly called patriotism."

They took Boose to Chicago and there, throughout much of 1918, he and one hundred and sixty-five other Wobblies and sympathizers were tried on five counts charging conspiracy to obstruct the war. The evidence, in-

cluding tons of Wobbly papers, pamphlets and even correspondence, much of it illegally seized, would have filled three freight cars. The correspondence was particularly damning. "Haywood was always careless of his mail," says Boose, who adds that it was matter from Haywood's correspondence, all of which tactically should have been destroyed as soon as read, that was used as evidence to convict Boose and several of the other defendants.

Ninety-three of the Wobblies were found guilty in various degrees and were sentenced to from one to twenty years in prison. (Haywood, out on bail, skipped to Russia, where he died.) Boose drew five years, and was released on expiration of his time in June of 1922.

While in prison at Leavenworth, Boose read constantly in such works of philosophy and economics as he could lay hands on. They merely confirmed his beliefs that the Wobblies had the right idea, or at least the best idea that had so far been put forward, for a new and a better world; and when he came out of the Big House, he picked up where he had left off. The stiffs must be educated and organized. Incidentally, of his jail and prison days, Boose recalls that the Christmas of 1917, spent in what he calls the Cook County Can in Chicago, was brightened considerably by receipt of gifts of a necktie, two pairs of socks, and a handkerchief, from Helen Keller. Each of the ninety-three prisoners received like presents from the famous blind woman.

IV

In the autumn of 1922, War Horse Boose, by then one of the most celebrated of Wobblies, started west on a speaking tour which eventually took him to Portland, Oregon. He soap-boxed during the longshore and all of the lumber strikes of the 1920's and 1930's. Arrests on what appear to have been trumped-up charges were a regular thing. Once, in Walla Walla, Washington, Boose had barely hit town and had not yet had time to set up his flag and soapbox when a motorcycle cop arrived and took him to jail. "Quickest pinch I ever knew," he says today. There were many other pinches, too, one on the charge of "profanity" ("I said that the Bible shouters sell Jesus Christ over the counter like so much sugar"); another on a charge of "obstructing traffic," something Boose was always careful not to do. Incidentally, he has been arrested, on one charge or another, and always in connection with his work, in Aurora, Virginia, and Minneapolis, Minnesota; in Tulsa and Drumright, Oklahoma; in Great Falls, Montana, and in Portland and Walla Walla. Cops have slugged him. So have patriots. Judges have lectured and fined him. His meetings have been broken up with fire, with water, with stinkballs, eggs, brickbats, with shouting and rioting.

Yet Old War Horse Boose, a name applied by admiring Wobblies many years ago, is still packing the rigging, as they say of active IWW organizers,

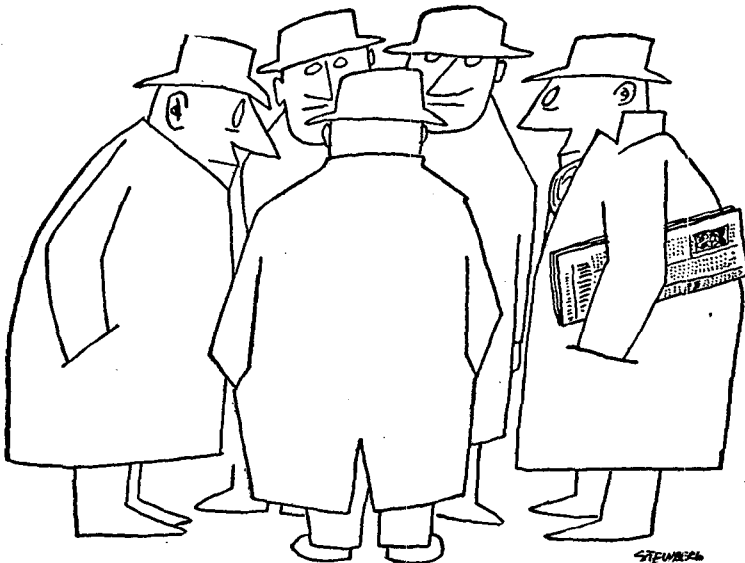
and he remains a cheerful and wholly unreconstructed Wobbly. "I'd prefer anarchism," he told me one day recently, "for that is the highest and finest form of civilization possible. But we aren't ready for it yet. We aren't even ready for the kind of world the IWW wants. It takes time." He considers Communists both comical and hopelessly entangled in dogma. He would as soon think of voting the Republican as the Communist ticket.

It irritates the War Horse to call him The Last Wobbly. He claims there are some 20,000 members of the IWW in this country and Canada. Maybe there are, but they are not in evidence in the Pacific Northwest, the real home of the Wobs; but Arthur Boose is. Everyone familiar with Portland's Skidroad district knows him as the only Wobbly paper boy left in the Northwest, and as nearly as I can learn, the only one on earth. He peddles his papers, as related, every Saturday, no matter the times nor the weather, and along with the *Worker* he sells a few copies of IWW pamphlets, and the latest edition (the twenty-eighth) of the justly famous Little Red Song Book, which contains a good picture of the late Katie Phar, songbird of the Wobblies, who rallied the boys with her sweet voice from 1910 to her death three years ago. The twenty-eighth edition of the song book, like all the others since it was composed, contains Joe Hill's Last Will, "written in his death cell on the eve of his judicial murder by

the authorities of the State of Utah, Nov. 18, 1915."

Oldtime Wobs, passing through Portland, usually call on Boose, who is the official, stationary delegate of the IWW in that city. They often find him brewing a cup of coffee on the gas plate in his room, his table covered with brushes and water colors, at work on some forest scene, his favorite motif. For an oldtime Wobbly, Boose will put away his colors and brushes, and talk of the great days when the Wobbly brand of revolution ran like

fire through the wheat, the mines, the woods of the West; when the West fairly reeked of Wobblies, and Wob organizers hung stiffly from bridges and trestles by their necks, or died on the bloody decks of the *Verona* in Everett harbor, or went down in the choking dust of Wheatland or Bisbee. . . . Aye, my lads, those were great days, days when working stiff's had nothing to lose but their chains, unless on occasion their lives. Almost alone, the Old War Horse has survived them, unchanged.



WANTED: A GOOD \$5000 HOUSE

By RUTH MOORE

THE housing shortage is one of America's major problems today. So great is the pent-up need for houses that if 1,000,000 new housing units were built annually for the next fifteen years, this increase would not be enough to eliminate all the old sub-standard structures and take care of the requirements of new families.

Almost every city and town is jammed down to the last unfit-to-live-in room. Men returning from two or three years of service overseas can find no place for themselves to live, let alone provide a roof for their families. About 1,000,000 of them will have to resort to "doubling up" with friends and relatives this year.

In desperation, thousands who have no desire whatever to own their own homes are purchasing houses — often at greatly inflated prices — just to get a place to live. After six months, the OPA will permit the tenant to be ousted so the new owner may move in. With every eviction, a chain of other sales and evictions is set in motion. Last year property sales caused about 225,000 evictions, as compared to 73,509 in 1943. The situation is

growing even more serious this year.

The obvious way out of this state of affairs would appear to be a rapidly expanded building program. But that is not so easy. The plain and disillusioning fact is that four families out of five cannot afford the modern dream houses that fill our magazines and are described so glowingly in advertisements. Today even the simple little Cape Cod cottage has an asking price of around \$7500, and most well designed, soundly built small houses are likely to cost closer to \$10,000.

Building costs will have to come down before any progress can be made in solving the acute shortage. The Federal Housing Administration and other lenders learned long ago that a family can safely spend only twice its annual income for a house. But careful statistical studies made by the Department of Commerce indicate that not more than one family in six will have incomes of \$3500 or above in postwar America. If the average home seeker is not to fall so far in debt that he will lose his house by foreclosure, the price will have to be considerably less than \$7500.

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Most prospective home buyers are realists. When returning servicemen were asked at separation centers what they thought they would be able to pay in buying or renting a house, almost 80 per cent set a purchase price of less than \$6000 and a rent limit of \$40 a month. Surveys by architectural and home magazines have shown that even those families with definite plans for new homes have some very sane ideas about what a house should cost in relation to their income. More than half of those interviewed announced they will not build or buy if the price goes as much as \$1000 above their original estimate.

The housing shortage is no war baby, although the cessation of all except war building in the past three years made it worse. It has been coming for a long time. During the twenties and thirties, not enough houses were built to keep up with the normal increase of new families and to replace decayed structures. Home building, by and large, was for the luxury trade. Others had to live in outmoded dwellings.

Our dilemma involves much more than the fulfillment of the desire of thousands of families to own a home of their own. Housing is one of our big industries; construction, rent and operation costs account for 19.9 per cent of the gross national product. A high, sustained volume of building is necessary for full production and employment. Innumerable studies prove clearly that national prosperity can be achieved only if the

country can build homes in unprecedented numbers. The minimum suggested is one million homes a year. But in glibly using such a figure, it should be remembered that the largest number of homes ever built was in 1925 when 900,000 were constructed.

It all goes back to building costs. Our immediate need today is for 5,000,000 homes, but the answer to the problem is not only more houses, but more houses at a cost well within the financial reach of those who need them. To reach an annual goal of a million or more units, what the country needs is a comfortable, soundly constructed house, which can be built at a cost of about \$5000.

II

There are four major reasons why houses have cost too much in the past and why they cost too much today: technological backwardness in building methods; high building material prices; high wage costs; and restrictive practices.

Houses are still being built by handicraft methods. Building workers, just as they did a hundred years ago, measure, cut and fit the thousands of separate parts that go into a house. It is true that certain new materials have been introduced, that mass production is used in the manufacture of most building materials, and that some mechanical equipment, such as the concrete mixer, is employed on the job. But despite these improvements, the house is still made

up of individual layers and pieces, costly to manufacture, to ship and to assemble. If an automobile were pieced together in the same way, you might buy an engine from one firm, the chassis from another, the fittings from a third, and then have local mechanics, upholsterers and painters put the car together in your own garage.

A study of housing costs made by the technical division of the National Housing Administration points out that the exterior wall of a modern wood frame house is composed of as many as fourteen separate layers, including studs and framing, insulation, vapor seal, laths, exterior siding, clapboards or shingles, and various additional coatings of plaster, sizing and paint. These fourteen layers account for 60 per cent of the total cost of a house and lot.

If any substantial reduction is to be made in the cost of home building, it will have to be made in this structural shell. While, for example, better insulating materials have been developed, and plaster board introduced in place of plaster, essentially each of these materials is only a substitute for another, and replaces but does not eliminate a single layer in the structure. NHA believes that a single layer to take the place of the fourteen could be developed — a new material which would perform all the functions required of an exterior wall, and yet could be molded into easily transported panels or sections. No such material exists today, but an inte-

grated program of research should be able to produce it within a relatively few years. When it is found, home building will move into the twentieth century.

High building material prices give another boost to the cost of building a house. In fact, their tendency to float well above the price fluctuations of other commodities deserves mention. During depression years when other prices plummet, those of building materials slide down gently and not very far. For example, from 1929 to 1933 wholesale prices of building materials slipped only 19.2 per cent, while the wholesale prices of all other commodities combined fell 30.8 per cent. On the upgrade from 1933 to 1940, they rose 23.1 per cent, while other prices went up only 19 per cent.

Even with price control, building material prices are well ahead of others. Officially it is conceded that they have gone up about 35 per cent since the beginning of the war. People trying to buy would put the figure a lot higher. In any event, if building material prices were too high before the war, they are at least one-third higher today, making home building prohibitive for the family of average means.

Wages cannot be overlooked in the high cost of building. It costs about \$18 a day to hire a carpenter in many sections of the country, and rates are not much less for bricklayers, plumbers and other necessary workers. While high daily wages place one more obstacle in the way of prospective home

builders, they do not benefit the worker either, for employment in the building trades is seasonal. The average worker finds employment only thirty-two weeks each year. His annual income before the war was \$1400 and during the war it did not rise beyond \$2000. Proposals to remedy this situation, thus reducing labor costs for the builder and at the same time raising the workers' annual wage by steady, year-around employment, bulk large in discussions of how housing costs can be reduced.

Restrictive practices deal the final cost blow. Building codes, for example, were designed to protect the public against the use of unsafe methods and materials by dishonest contractors. They still fulfill their original purpose, but they are sometimes put to other uses as well. Through political pressure, construction interests often force exaggerated requirements into the codes for their own benefit.

The building code in one city states that regardless of whether or not the owner of a house intends to use mechanical refrigeration, he must install an icebox drain pipe connected with the soil pipe. The extra plumbing involved sometimes costs as much as \$50. Another large city still prohibits the use of a certain type of fireproof wallboard, although the product is approved by the Bureau of Standards and the Army used hundreds of millions of feet of it successfully during the war. One community requires the building of twelve-inch brick walls, although in other cities eight-

inch brick walls stand up satisfactorily. One local building code specifies two-by-four studs while prohibiting cheaper construction techniques, such as glued panels, which can do the job equally well. These are not isolated examples. Such arbitrary regulations appear in many of the country's 3000 building codes.

Labor adds some restrictions of its own. For the most part, these are survivors of the depression era, when the idea was to make the job last as long as possible. In many cities, paint spray guns are barred; in others, only a four-inch brush may be used in places where a five- or six-inch one would be more practical. In other sections, glass put in a window sash by a manufacturer must be taken out and replaced by members of local unions; often factory-wired electrical fixtures must be re-wired by local workers. Too frequently jurisdictional disputes between unions are settled by having one union set a beam while the rival is paid for attending the setting.

Nor do material dealers and suppliers have a clean bill of health. There is evidence that some dealers join together in boycotting a manufacturer who sells his products directly to a builder instead of through their yards. Such combinations are of course illegal and the Federal Trade Commission has issued several cease-and-desist orders, but the practice persists. Sometimes plumbers, electricians and contractors refuse to install pipes and equipment unless they are permitted to furnish their own materials.

III

Low cost housing has got to come, and come rapidly, if America's acute housing emergency is to be overcome. But how can we get rid of the expensive outdated methods, the high material and labor costs, the restrictions — all of which have combined to make the building industry the most backward of all major American industries? The key to the answer lies in a vast, well-integrated program of research which will point the way to a housing program adapted to the pocketbooks of millions yet be geared to a high wage standard and year-round employment in the building trades.

That such a research program will be undertaken by the industry, made up as it is of hundreds of manufacturers and contractors, each interested solely in his own material or job, is improbable. At present, one company seldom furnishes more than 5 per cent of the material used in a given house. Consequently no one within the industry has ever had reason to look at the house as a whole. And no one in the future, except the government, seems likely to do so. The housing study of the NHA already referred to is a small start in the right direction.

The promise of such a program is great. Enough has been done in an experimental way to show that through the cooperation of university laboratories, government and industry, the means could be found to reduce housing costs and at the same

time produce a better house than America has ever lived in before.

The housing shortage is forcing the country to view the industrialized production of houses realistically. Two bills now before Congress recognize the need for research into the problem. The Wagner-Ellender-Taft Bill includes research as an important part of its long range plan for rehousing the nation. The Mitchell-Kilgore Bill, which proposes the use of war plants in turning out new building materials by new methods, calls for the expenditure of approximately \$25,000,000 annually to determine what those methods should be.

NHA has demonstrated that if an appreciable cut is to be made in housing costs, it will have to be made in the cost of the structural shell — in those fourteen layers — for it is precisely here that the least technological progress has been made.

It has been argued in the past that the best way to reduce costs is to cut financing charges and extend building loans from twenty-five to thirty years, or more. Undoubtedly these charges are important, as are maintenance and taxes, and a careful attempt should be made to reduce them. However, the fact remains that the structural shell accounts for 60 per cent of the cost of a house and lot; plumbing, heating and finishing equipment account for another 20 per cent.

If, as seems probable, research could develop new materials and methods which would reduce building costs

one-half, the total cost of the house and lot would be cut one-third. That would mean that the price of a house which today is \$7500 would be brought down to \$5000. If, at the same time, methods could be devised to reduce the cost of plumbing, heating and the other finishing equipment, another large reduction would ensue.

Of course no gain would accrue if the cost of land went up, and that danger must be faced. The vast amount of building that would follow a reduction in construction costs would create an active demand for lots. Unless attention were given to checking inflationary trends in land values, the rise in these prices would offset the savings made in structural costs.

On the other hand, a building boom — a steady, consistent, long range one — would of itself help to reduce the problem of labor costs, for it would mitigate the curse of seasonal unemployment. Several unions have indicated already that they would consider lowering hourly rates if a higher annual wage were assured.

Some of those studying the subject are asking, why not organize maintenance, perhaps on an insurance basis? Why not have the house repainted and repaired on schedule? Such maintenance would be an economy, for it is the emergency calls

which are expensive. Ultimately perhaps, building organizations could be developed which would not only erect the house, but undertake to maintain it at a monthly or annual charge. Such a plan would aid in keeping building trades workers busy all during the year, and thus could reduce high daily wages in favor of a better annual income.

As to the restrictive practices, if the old fear of idleness between jobs were gone, elimination of the make-work restrictions should not be difficult. Action to deal with the other restraints is being planned. The Department of Justice and the Federal Interstate Commerce Commission are expected to move vigorously against illegal combinations that run up building costs. At the same time, the Department of Commerce is urging the adoption of a national building code. A conference of all building code cities will soon be called to work out the provisions and eliminate hampering restrictions.

Everywhere in housing, change is in the air. But the most encouraging indication of all is the recognition of the fact that it is a matter of national interest to take home building out of the luxury class. Every family wants and needs a comfortable, livable home. Research can provide it.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOR

Inquiry on a Whopper

IN THE traditional account of our race's beginnings, at least as the tale used to be told in spellbound Sunday-school classes, old father Adam had the entertaining task of bestowing upon all the animals the names they were to bear. He went wandering out into the woods, it would seem, and said to this one: "Your name shall be bat," and to that one: "You are called frog," and to that other one: "You are a fish."

It must have been soon after this that the early members of our tribe began not merely calling the creatures by their names, but telling tales about them. The snake, very early in the dawn-days of our human history, had already acquired a reputation for a curious sort of sinister cunning and deceptiveness, of the guileful kind we still call serpentine. Long before Uncle Remus, and indeed a millennium or two before Aesop, there was a great body of yarns about the tricky cleverness of Br'er Fox. The first farmer, back in the mists of pre-history, who was troubled by the visitations of rats in his granary, was undoubtedly already spinning yarns around the family hearth-side of an evening, to illustrate the astonishing ingenuities of these beady-eyed rodents.

Down through the ages we have developed a science called natural history. It consists in an accumulation of accurate information about the natural world and its creatures; and its central dedication, like the dedication of all sciences, is to truth. But natural history, in this sense, has been under a certain difficulty. The difficulty is that men are incurably imaginative and incurably story-tellers. They dearly love a good yarn. Also they are permanently and naturally infected with a sense of the romantic wonder of the world. And so, while no man has a disposition to tell or to believe a highly-colored whopper in the field of (for example) mathematics, men do have a native readiness to traffic in all sorts of marvels when it is a question of stories about snakes, or stories about foxes, or stories about any aspect of that nature-world which ensorcerizes them with the spell of its magic and mythic possibilities. It has thus come about that, running parallel with the strict scientific lore of natural history, there has ever been persistently an extravagant "popular" lore in the same province: astonishing tales that the teller heard from his grandfather's cousin's sister . . . observations obscurely reported, and

uncheckable, from remote places beyond the edge of civilization . . . stories told by very old men whose narrations start with the familiar words, "I remember clearly one day, when I was a small boy." This "popular" nature lore, much of it undoubtedly as old as humanity's story-telling gift and sense of wonder, stands in relation to scientific natural history somewhat as the tenets of a Chinese herbalist stand in relation to the medical doctrines accepted at Johns Hopkins.

Science's strict devotion to scientific truth is, of course, one of its great beauties and merits. But scientists being human, the very merit can easily serve as a fault. It is a small step from esteeming (correctly) the scientific method, to supposing it (with an unwarrantable exclusiveness) to be the only avenue to truth. From the justifiable belief that scientists are expertly exact and rigorous handlers of fact, it is a small step to the unjustifiable belief that evidence from non-scientific sources is necessarily unworthy of serious consideration. Finally, there is the danger, because many scientific theories have proven very valuable, of elevating scientific theory to the stature of dogmatic certainty, never to be questioned.

These excesses of the scientific attitude, on the one hand, and the manifestly wild extravagance of much of "popular" nature-lore, on the other, have had the unhappy result of simply closing many naturalists' minds against investigating the popular nature-lore

at all. And this, of course, is not as it should be. Much of scientific theory is a fine, strong thing, full of truth; but not all of it is; and none of it is properly to be regarded as divinely unalterable. As J. B. S. Haldane has remarked, a true scientist ought to be quite willing to consider the possibility of inadequacy or untruth even in the multiplication table. As a corollary, many of the "popular" nature-beliefs are undoubtedly thoroughly false; but it is certain that not all of them are; and where there is so great a smoke a scientist's nose ought to be eager to sniff out the presumptive speck of fire.

It is in this spirit that there is here set down — "without prejudice," as the lawyers say — one of the most widespread and persistent of all the popular nature-lore. It is set down in the simple and pious hope of contributing toward the ultimate elucidation of truth. Has any reader of this magazine ever seen, himself, the happenings alleged in the story? Has he ever heard the events reported by any nearer source than a friend's cousin's sister, or any younger source than his frontiersman grandfather? Will anyone in this readership care to come forward, affidavit in hand? The story is the story of the fox and the fleas.

II

In this story, an observer finds himself in the vicinity of a stream or perhaps a little wooded lake. Suddenly he observes, at the water's edge, a fox. The

fox is acting in a very curious manner. It is gathering (or has already gathered) a considerable mouthful of a material which varies in differing versions of the story. Commonly the fox has a mouthful of wool. Sometimes, instead, he may be holding a mouthful of leaves, or of moss, or of any sort of ground-litter. Occasionally it is represented that what he is holding is a stick.

At any rate, the fox is now seen to go to the edge of the water, and, to the observer's surprise, there turn around. Very slowly and carefully, the fox backs into the water. Deeper and deeper he immerses himself, until, at last, nothing is visible above the

water's surface but the end of the fox's muzzle, gripping the ball of wool (or leaves, or stick, or whatever). After a short period of this immersion, the fox abruptly releases its mouthful of stuff, comes briskly out of the water, shakes itself with an air of pleasure and accomplishment, and trots off into the woods and out of the story. The observer, amazed by what he has seen, hurries to the waterside and retrieves the floating tuft of stuff. To his astonishment he finds it laden and aswarm with fleas! The fox has been engaged in a remarkably effective rite of ridding himself of his vermin.

Well. That is the story. It has been



Fox and the Fleas

Frank Utpatel

told, certainly, around ten thousand campfires. Indian grandpas in the Canadian wilderness have told it to their fascinated grandchildren, and it has circulated through cottonfields and cabins in the South. There is word of it in Europe and word of it in Asia. If there are any lands where it is not told, they can only be lands where there are no foxes. The question at issue is: is it true?

There are sure to be scientific readers who will smile (or possibly snort, depending on their temper) at the suggestion that the story can possibly be true. For they will be certain that the consciousness of a fox is quite incapable of any such degree of wit as could produce such foxy ingenuities; or they will know, at the least, that "science says it isn't so." There are sure to be other readers who will smile or snort at the suggestion that perhaps the story is *not* true . . . for did not Great-uncle Ezekiel see a fox do just exactly this trick out in Indian Territory in 1872? And has not the story appeared again and again as a "filler" in magazines and newspapers, prefaced with the massively reassuring words "It is well known"?

Such is the characteristic impasse between the uncritical devotees of science and the uncritical devotees, so to speak, of Great-uncle Ezekiel. The cleavage has prevented, for much too long, a simple and straightforward search for the facts. To the smiling scientific man who would dismiss the fox and the fleas as unworthy even of investigation, there may be given the

reminder that medical scientists had a similar contempt for the Chinese practitioner's immemorial and absurd prescriptions of powdered toad-skins, until, deigning finally to investigate so preposterous a medicament, they found that it was in fact rich in puissant and eminently scientific drug-value. Or there may be offered the reminder that it was only very recently that a botanical scientist, amusing himself with an inquiry into the silly old superstition about a correspondence between vegetable growth and the phases of the moon, discovered that, oddly enough, there *is* a correspondence. To the other class of those who would prejudice the story — those who are sure that of course it is true, because Uncle Ezekiel told it or because it is "well known" — there needs to be said only that Uncle Ezekiel, in his whimsical old age, is also a great rememberer of sea-serpents and hoop-snakes, and that in various times and places, in this vale of tears and error, it has been "well known" that a dead cat will cure warts and that a snake cannot die until sundown.

The story of the fox and the fleas may well stand as representative of a whole body of popular nature-lore, too long uncritically believed, too long impatiently denied. Science is surely right when it puts the brand of myth on the tales of hoop-snakes and the tales of calculating horses and many another item of popular allegement. But science has also found that many a popular nature-belief, long

confidently pooh-poohed as a superstition or a "nature-fake," has turned out, with fuller evidence, to be true.

In what category does the tale of the fox and the fleas belong? Will any-

one say he has himself seen the happening, and not long ago in his childhood? The Bible stands ready and the witness-chair is available. Will anyone take it?



EVEN-SONG

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

THE veil of day
Is down at last,
Every prayer
Clear and steadfast.

And Heaven's song,
Pure and silent,
Gives its answer
Every moment.

Hope makes proud speech
With destiny,
And all faith finds
Reality.

All creation
Is whispering
The only truth
Worth recording:

*God's dearest thoughts
Are love and mercy;
They sanctify
Eternity.*

THE JUVENILE GANGS OF NEW YORK

BY BRADFORD CHAMBERS

TRIGGER, the "war counselor" of the Fighting Dozen, sent me this invitation the other day:

"We're going to have a rumble with the Happy Gents tonight. If you wanta see a gang war, meet us on our corner. And if you wanta join us in a hot get-together with our debutante division tomorrow night . . ."

That wasn't the first such message I've received. For several years I've been studying the teen-age gangs in New York City and in other communities as well. I went to the gangs themselves for information, and as I gained their confidence, I learned that kid gangland is taking on an aspect of new and frightening menace.

No novel phenomenon, the juvenile gang has flourished wherever boys' exuberant energies have overflowed the limitations of established social institutions. Sometimes its activities have been harmless, sometimes destructive. City slums have been its favorite breeding grounds and street fighting a common characteristic.

But recent gangland eruptions in certain sections of New York (and the

same pattern is evident elsewhere) make the youthful blockfights of yesterday seem as tame as a game of hopscotch. Boys from fourteen to seventeen years old are fighting in the streets at a pitch America has never known before. For sticks, stones and bottles, they have substituted ice picks, knives and ingenious, home-made revolvers and rifles. Last year in New York City more than twelve youths were killed as a result of these gang wars.

Although the ferociousness of gang conflict reflects the rising tide of juvenile delinquency, its real significance goes deeper. Today, gang wars are based to a large extent on racial and religious hatreds and frustrations. It is in the borderline districts of diverse racial and religious groupings and within racially segregated areas that the gangs glory in battle; it is in these neighborhoods that adolescents are being killed.

In Manhattan, gang warfare takes place almost exclusively in uptown areas, where the overcrowded Harlem Negroes and Puerto Ricans are push-

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ing their way into better housing areas. Recently these groups have been moving into the Bronx, and strife has broken out there too.

In 1939, when jobs became abundant, Manhattan Negroes began to acquire the income necessary to move out of the restricted slum districts. As the war brought higher wages and a fresh wave of migration from the South, the Negro influx into white areas was accelerated. It was about then that the conflict gangs came into being.

Before that time, street corner clubs in upper Manhattan had served mainly as outlets for athletic activity, as the groups farther downtown still do. When the traditional colored districts began to expand, however, the white boys' clubs, led by the Hancocks, the Rainbows, and the Irish Dukes, turned to conflict. In adjacent Harlem, the Negro Sabers, the Socialistics, and the Chancellors joined battle.

In borderline neighborhoods situated between segregated communities of race, creed or nationality, the whole community pattern is destructive. Fear, suspicion, and antagonism of the adjoining district prevails. In this emotionally overcharged atmosphere, the gang provides its members with a sense of security and excitement. This is what the boys would tell you:

"You gotta have tough gangs where we hang out. They give a guy protection. It's just smarter for your health to belong, that's all."

And they have learned from their parents the nature of the enemy against which they must protect

themselves. Over and over again boys have told me the same story of employers lowering salaries in the knowledge that Negroes will work for less.

"Know what that means, huh?" they demand. "It means the jigs will throw us whites out of work."

Such attitudes lead to racial conflict with whites and Negroes pitted against each other. In uptown Manhattan, however, within the segregated Harlem slums, non-racial fighting is also common. Here Negro gangs fight Negro gangs and Puerto Rican gangs fight Puerto Rican gangs. But non-racial fighting also grows out of discrimination and frustrations; colored youth find an outlet for their pent-up frustrations in open aggression even against their own kind.

II

Today, there are roughly seventy-five gangs in upper Manhattan—gangs of youngsters, some more vicious than others, but all engaged in periodic conflicts. They in turn are setting patterns of conduct for many younger satellites. Yet in spite of this menace, even in spite of actual deaths resulting from the kid gang wars, city officials and social work agencies have taken little cognizance of them. Distorted statistics and high-sounding statements rather than real facts reach the public. And the police refuse to admit the existence of organized gang conflict.

Most conflict gangs have twenty to thirty members, but some of them

number as high as 200. Though the size of the gangs varies considerably, other characteristics are fairly uniform. Members range in age from eleven to seventeen years. Few of them ever finish school; many are confirmed truants. Each gang has its own name, color, and insignia, often emblazoned on made-to-order jackets. Dues run from twenty-five cents to two dollars or more a week. The money is used to buy jerseys or for celebrations. Hangouts are street corners or candy stores. In winter, pool-rooms, tenement hallways or deserted buildings provide warm meeting places.

Gangs also have distinctive leaders, including the captain or president, secretary, and treasurer. In addition, some gangs have recently developed "war counselors" who take charge in conflict. A captain must be strong, bold and successful in combat—a "big shot." The identity of the captains of the larger conflict gangs is usually kept secret, even to many of the organization's members. If the real leader were known, rival gangs would always be on the lookout for him. So would the cops. Experience has taught some Harlem gangs to evade the police by periodically changing their officers.

The "war counselor" is charged with making preparations for a fight. He sees that the gang is amply armed and that the bricks on the roof tops are in readiness. Occasionally he even enters into negotiations with the "war counselors" of rival gangs.

Some gangs are highly organized. The Chancellors in Harlem, for example, are divided into definite divisions: Tiny Tims, Midgets, Juniors and Seniors. The Tiny Tims are from seven to nine years old, the Midgets around eleven, the Juniors twelve or thirteen, and the Seniors teen-agers.

The "debutante" or "sub-deb" divisions are the girl friends of the senior boy members of some gangs. They appeal to the boys for other reasons besides sex. Only women police can search girls. So, when the gang is at war, or when it is on a robbing expedition, the girls carry the boys' weapons, usually in shank-high boots, walking several blocks behind. If a cop searches the boys, no concealed weapons will be found. Sometimes the girls join the scrap too, and they make vicious fighters. One of their weapons is a more than adequate vocabulary.

Gangs often make alliances. For instance, when white gangs in uptown Manhattan merge for the specific purpose of fighting a Negro gang, the combined groups sometimes give up their individual names and call themselves the Shamrocks or the Fighting Irish. However, one white gang I know avoids such entangling alliances. It prefers to form into "fighting," "may-be-fighting" and "peaceful" divisions. The "fighting" division must assault any colored boys on sight; the "may-be-fighters" give battle only in prearranged forays into enemy territory; and the "peacefuls" fight only when the gang is attacked.

Modern gang warfare lacks the spontaneous character of old-time street fighting, when race played a relatively small part. Now many fights are planned well in advance. Gang kids call these fights "rumbles." They send out spies, lay elaborate traps and decoy their rivals into battle. Decoys are usually the Tiny Tims or Midget divisions, but sometimes the "debutantes" or "sub-debs" substitute.

One premeditated blitz which I witnessed occurred at the corner of Amsterdam Avenue and 152d Street, where six members of the Buccaneers, a Negro outfit, were playing baseball. Suddenly, four white boys, no more than twelve years old, rushed by and grabbed the baseball bat. The Buccaneers, seeing their advantage in age and numbers, gave chase, yelling, "Let's beat the hell out of those white skunks."

The fleeing boys, whom I later learned belonged to the Midget division of the Robbins, were caught in the next block. Simultaneously, from the two corners of the intersection, streamed ten Robbin Seniors. Ash cans and rocks began toppling from the roof-tops on both sides of the street. The six Negroes turned to run. Escape had been cut off. From the opposite ends of the street came more Robbins. It looked like a massacre, but a brother Negro gang heard the racket and rushed to the rescue, armed with bricks and broken bottles. By the time Military Police, who happened to be in the district, broke up the fight, more than thirty boys

had fought in the battle. "We'll get 'em yet," screamed a Buccaneer, as I dragged him to a drugstore for treatment of a badly slashed face.

Later, I asked the sole policeman in the neighborhood if he had made any arrests.

"Look," he said. "I'm on night duty, and this is a pretty common occurrence. If I arrest these kids, I have to appear in court tomorrow morning to bring charges. That's extra time for me and cops don't get paid for it."

In other cases unscheduled clashes begin when two or three boys attack a member of another gang. Reinforcements are sent up, and the battle is on. If reinforcements are not immediately available, the victim, if not too badly injured, returns with them the following day. The question of territory also plays its part in gang battles, as does vengeance. When one boy is attacked, his gang is bound by code to fight any and all the members of the offending gang at the first opportunity. The same is true, of course, if one gang makes a play for one of another's "debutantes."

III

Racial gang conflict is characterized by dirty, vicious fighting. A good deal of this type of conflict, for instance, consists of "stomping," where the victim is held on the ground while several boys jump upon his stomach and kick his face. This rarely occurs in non-racial fighting, even within the

most overcrowded and segregated slum areas in uptown Manhattan.

Weapons used in gang wars are varied, and they're insidious. Clubs (wooden sticks, baseball bats or pieces of pipe), knives (fish or switch-blade knives) and broken bottles are the most common weapons. To use a knife on another boy is to "mess him up," "topsy" or "shank" him. Most of these weapons have always been used in kid street fights. Others frequently employed today, however, are brass knuckles (ash or garbage can handles), blackjacks (often made in school workshops), and ice picks. I have also seen several sword canes made by gang boys, dagger rings, and even miniature bombs.

The rings are made in school workshops with nothing more than a piece of metal, a small spring and a tack. The ring is fashioned in such a way that when the spring is released, the top of the ring flies open, and the point of the tack appears. Another weapon which the police cannot easily detect is a crude sword cane. In this case, the handle of a cane is broken off, and an ice pick is inserted into the opening. To the cop on the beat it looks like an ordinary wooden stick.

The most dangerous and ingenious tool of war developed in modern race fights is the homemade gun. Although it cannot be aimed accurately it kills and has killed. The youngsters take a four-inch piece of lead pipe with a quarter-inch opening — large enough to take a .22 caliber bullet — and fasten it with wire and tape to a

block of wood. The hammer and trigger are made by cutting in half the squared metal rod which connects the two knob handles of an ordinary door. The end of the rod which serves as the hammer is filed to a point. It becomes the firing pin. The parts are attached with small rubber bands. Next, a heavy rubber band is stretched from the forward end of the block, just below the pipe nozzle, to the back of the hammer. When the trigger is pulled, the band is released. The firing pin strikes the cartridge with sufficient force to explode it and send the bullet two or three city blocks. The homemade rifle is essentially the same as the revolver; the length of the wooden barrel and metal tubing forms the only difference. The guns are used at short range. At this distance they are reasonably accurate and deadly. After three firings, however, the gun usually wears out and explodes in the boy's hand. There is also the danger of back-firing.

How do the boys get the metal tubing and the heavy rubber bands in the midst of a war shortage? Parked cars are gold mines. The tube that receives the collapsing antenna on an automobile has the perfect opening for the gun's barrel. The antenna tubing is ripped off the car and cut to size. (A street lamp post also contains a suitable piece of tubing. This is one reason why lights go off in certain sections of the city.) Automobiles also furnish most of the necessary rubber. The boys use a saw to

cut through a tire to the inner tubing. A short section makes a lot of tough rubber bands. Ammunition is obtained by pocketing the bullets fired in shooting galleries.

Automobiles, in addition to their value as munitions arsenals, also come into service on invasions of the rival gang's territory. If the enemy's lookouts report the impending attack soon enough, the defenders will break all the lamp lights in their street. Then, when the attacking gang's car approaches, they sneak up and shoot their homemade guns into its tires at short range, or drop rocks on it from the roof tops.

Of course, even the conflict gangs don't spend all their time fighting. Aside from scuffling and occasional petty thievery, the most common activities are pool, crap, stickball and other unsupervised street games. Sneaking into shows also helps to pass the time. Most gangs evolve a system which makes an art of crashing gates. The thrill of illicit entrance provides just as much fun as the movie itself.

IV

The gangs reached their peak in 1943. Thereafter, the armed services drained off many of the older members. But for three months around V-J Day, the conflict reached new heights. In one gangland area, about fifty assault cases were reported each month during this period, as compared with a dozen or less during the previous

months. Many parents, fearful of gang activities, moved to other parts of the city — only to find themselves in new ganglands. Negroes are beginning to send their children to school in New Jersey, and in some cases, to relatives back South. During the cold winter months, actual gang conflict fell off, but with the return of warm weather, hostilities are increasing again.

Returning servicemen are aggravating the problem too. They are bringing their souvenir guns with them, and the kid gangs are acquiring them. Revolvers are selling in gangland for five and six dollars apiece, gradually replacing the less effective homemade guns. Some gangs even have machine guns and hand grenades.

Jobless veterans themselves are slipping back into the gang environment. New York's courts are filling with veterans held on criminal charges, and I've talked with many veterans who are hanging out again on the same old street corner with their former pals. They're not happy about the employment situation, and they're not at all pleased at the wartime invasion of Negroes, Puerto Ricans, or Jews into their neighborhood. In the borderline areas the white groups are out for blood, and the Negroes aren't taking it lying down.

The picture of boys and their "debutantes" going "Nigger hunting" and "Jew hunting" is foreboding. No longer are these gangs mere apprentice schools for gunmen, pimps and petty racketeers. They are re-

peating the same social pattern which started Hitler and Mussolini on the road to power. With their substitution of a cohesive group loyalty for a larger social responsibility, their joy in fighting for its own sake, and their minority persecution, the conflict gangs are danger signals of an incipient fascism in American life.

As yet, however, the gangs are not incorrigible; they have their good characteristics too. They are the boys' own societies, and they function with a remarkable degree of democracy. The captains are generally elected by vote of the members. Occasionally some leaders keep their positions by the brute technique of beating up anyone who dares to question their primacy. I once saw a captain break his hand in calming a recalcitrant member and a few minutes later proudly announce his own re-election. But such instances are exceptions to the rule.

In and out of conflict, the gang acts as a unit and the will of the majority governs its activities to a great extent. Major questions are submitted to an informal vote and the captain may be overruled.

Unfortunately, society has not yet made any effective effort to turn the

gangs' potential assets into constructive channels. Occasional police drives to break up the gangs threaten the sense of security which these groups serve and therefore lead only to their closer cohesion. Increased police activity will not solve the gangland problem.

Nor are the neighborhood centers, teen-age canteens, social work agencies, settlement houses and big boys' clubs succeeding. They persist in an outmoded "four-wall" policy; they erect their buildings and wait for youngsters to come in and join. Those really in need of direction shy away, for gang members will not conform to conventional supervision.

It's time for social workers to rethink some of their outworn methods. It's time for them to adopt a more aggressive policy of reaching out into the community and working with the gangs as accepted groups in their own haunts.

No thorough regeneration, however, can be effected without getting at the basic causes of modern gang warfare. The most obvious are unemployment, racial discrimination, and slums. The kid gangs are only symptoms of deep-seated social and economic disturbances.



BY THE street of "By and By" one arrives at the house

of "Never." PRODUCED 2003 BY UNZ.ORG

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WHAT DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT ULCER

By JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

BY THIS time almost everyone who can read knows he should not dose himself for pain low in his abdomen: if the pain means appendicitis, strong drugs can be fatal. Not so many know that they should not dose themselves for chronic pain high in the abdomen either. It can be just as fatal. The harm drugs do in this instance is indirect — what the patient thought was stomach-ache or indigestion is apparently cured, and he stays away from the doctor. But he should have consulted a doctor because his discomfort may have indicated a bad heart, a stomach cancer, or more often, a peptic ulcer in the lining of the stomach or its outlet, the duodenum. Neglected, an ulcer can kill a man by letting him bleed to death. Or it may make him so thin and run down that he is an easy mark for an infection. Since worry is one factor in producing ulcers, they are commoner in this year 1946 than ever before.

In the old days, doctors never saw an ulcer until autopsy. From such observations, England's Matthew Bail-

lie wrote the first description of ulcer (and, incidentally, of stomach cancer because he did not know the difference) in 1793. It was another hundred years before surgeons learned to operate safely on the stomach and began seeing living ulcers. Soon X-rays showed up ulcers without cutting.

The latest ulcer-viewing device is the gastroscope, a sort of internal periscope shoved down the gullet about which doctors are enthusiastic and patients less so. Using a technique perfected by Dr. Rudolf Schindler, an expert can now spot an ulcer when it is only a pinpoint erosion or scratch on the surface. The ulcer, which sometimes grows as big as a dime or a silver dollar, has a characteristic punched-out appearance with slightly raised edges.

Even a small one can hurt. The most common complaint is pain, usually just below the lower end of the breastbone. It is dull, annoying or burning, and punctual as clockwork. As one standard textbook says, "In the same patient after the same meals it appears with the most exact regu-

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larity after the same intervals of comfort." Ulcers are thus responsible for some, but by no means all, hunger pains.

The explanation for this is that while food is in stomach or duodenum it protects the sore against stomach juices, but when the meal continues on its way, it leaves the raw spot to the tender mercies of powerful stomach chemicals, of which hydrochloric acid is one. A patient with a new ulcer soon learns that he can relieve this pain by eating a meal, taking a glass of milk or flipping a few antacid tablets into his mouth. He also learns that alcohol and spicy or fried foods can make him feel terrible.

If he is lucky, consistent caution of this sort makes his ulcer lie low except, possibly, for flare-ups during excitement or family crises. If he is unlucky, his ulcer grows large and deep and either (1) perforates the tough stomach wall so that stomach contents leak into the abdominal cavity, (2) penetrates a blood vessel causing severe bleeding or (3) heals and makes a bad scar that obstructs the passage of food. Because of these and other complications, an ulcer should never be neglected.

II

Research workers in many laboratories have long been busy studying the derivation and treatment of ulcers. As the variables include chronic abuse of the stomach with alcohol, spices, boiling hot soups, iced beverages and

foods fried tougher than nails, not to mention the patient's physical and mental constitution and his past, there is still plenty of research to do.

Some of the chemistry of ulcer formation has long been known. The stomach secretes hydrochloric acid and pepsin for the purpose of starting the digestion of foods, even solid ones like meat, so that the intestines can work on them. The only reason stomach juices do not ordinarily digest the stomach itself is that the lining's surface is protected by continuously secreted mucus. If anything happens to increase acid or decrease mucus, the chance of ulcer becomes greater.

Because they stimulate acid secretion, tobacco and nearly all gastronomic fun such as fancy foods and alcohol are automatically banned for ulcer patients. Coffee and the caffeine it contains have recently been under an investigation started by Dr. Edward S. Judd of the University of Minnesota. In 1942 he proved that injections of caffeine mixed with a little beeswax and vaseline will give cats ulcers of the stomach. Soon after that, Northwestern University physiologists showed that in both people and cats, stomach acidity sky-rockets after caffeine injections.

But — and here is a most significant fact — for a still unknown reason, stimulation of acids occurred in only 10 per cent of the human subjects. The other 90 per cent were immune to caffeine as far as stomach acid is concerned. The Northwestern researchers devised a test to determine

fairly accurately who is susceptible to caffeine, so that no ulcer patient need be forbidden coffee unless it is his poison.

Dr. Judd and his co-workers, interrupted for a time by the war, have now resumed their study of caffeine, this time among ulcer patients in a hospital. One prize find: two young patients who were cola-drinking fiends — many cola drinks have a high caffeine content. To make sure the connection between ulcers and caffeine is not a coincidence, the doctors tested some of the patients on coffee, in some instances by pouring the brew directly through a stomach tube so that the patient had no idea what he was getting. In this way they found out that coffee stimulates gastric acidity in most ulcer cases, that cold black coffee is worst and that hot coffee, especially with sugar and cream, is less dangerous. The implication for the ulcer victim is that if he must drink coffee, let it be hot with all the go-with-its.

Unfortunately, chemistry alone does not get us very far with the causes of peptic ulcer because what a man has in his head is as important in this case as what he puts in his stomach. No ulcer article is complete without mentioning William Beaumont, the U.S. Army surgeon who over 100 years ago got the first concrete evidence of this mind-stomach relationship. He found a soldier, Alexis St. Martin, with an imperfectly-healed stomach wound through which he could look at the stomach and take samples.

Beaumont observed that the man's mood (usually truculent) affected what went on inside. Some seventy years later, Russia's great I. P. Pavlov used dogs to demonstrate even more convincingly that the state of mind and state of stomach are related. And, within the past few years, Drs. Stewart Wolf and H. G. Wolff have published a book on a patient of theirs with a gastric fistula similar to St. Martin's. When the patient blushed, his stomach blushed too. When he was anxious, his stomach became overactive in spite of his decreased appetite, an excellent opportunity, they theorized, for an ulcer to start.

Emotions such as sadness, discouragement and self-reproach cut down secretions, make the stomach blanch and cause no ulcers. Resentment, hostility, anxiety and aggressiveness increase secretion of acid and pepsin, cause the stomach to churn more violently, intensify the congestion of its lining and even produce tiny erosions and ulcerations. That is why soda mints are so commonly found in a busy executive's desk. ("An executive," runs the joke, "is a person who does not have to go out for soda himself but can send someone else out after it.") Considering the emotions involved, it is no wonder that two or three times as many men as women get ulcers or that newspapermen, who continually race against deadlines, and relax by drinking coffee or whiskey, regard ulcers as their occupational disease. Peptic ulcer is a disease of energetic people and worriers.

A recent test added further evidence of the relation between mind and stomach. Thirty patients with peptic ulcer, all successful and without apparent nervous disorders or serious life problems, were subjected to experimentally-induced emotional conflicts. A mean trick, but it proved that in every case the disturbing situation increased the flow of stomach acid and pepsin and intensified the stomach's churning motions. On detailed questioning, all the patients revealed backgrounds of anxiety, insecurity, hostility and resentment.

Many laymen and even doctors think they can spot the ulcer type—thin, wiry, intelligent, dour. But they are wrong. For instance, eighty-two Navy and Marine ulcer patients studied by two Navy doctors ranged from eighteen to forty-six years old, "tall and short, fat and thin, nervous and phlegmatic. . . . The one common denominator is an unstable or maladjusted psychogenic and physiologic background. Marital difficulties, money matters, uncertainty as to ultimate disposition are only a few of the great number of problems that make so difficult the treatment of such patients."

III

Mental treatment, though good long-range therapy for many ulcer patients, is slow where active ulcers are concerned. Therefore, after telling the sufferer to quit fretting, an ulcer specialist concentrates on medicine.

The man who gets chief credit for pointing the way to relief from ulcer pain is Dr. Bertram W. Sippy. In 1915 he launched his rigid system of feedings and neutralizations known as the "Sippy Diet." It is based on the principle that, as ulcer pain coincides with excess acid in the stomach, keeping the stomach as neutral as possible should relieve it. His diet, or modifications of it, has been standard treatment ever since, though never fully satisfactory to doctors or patients.

The strict Sippy regime has several serious drawbacks. First, milk and cream alone for weeks on end, interspersed with doses of alkali, become so tiring and dull that even some strong-willed patients abandon it prematurely, thus running the risk of dangerous ulcer flare-ups. Since the patient's cooperation is all-important, ulcer treatment must not be too difficult. Second, the diet is deficient in vitamins and needs vitamin supplement. And finally, under certain circumstances, a patient can get alkalosis, a condition often more frightening than the ulcer itself, and a few patients on alkaline powders (e.g., soda) get kidney complications such as stones.

This possibility of kidney complications made doctors look for chemicals to neutralize acidity without the risk of alkalization. They tried ampholytes, substances which chemists knew would react with both acids and alkalis. Some of the earliest experiments with an ampholyte (aluminum hydroxide) were made at the Cleveland Clinic in 1936. They proved so

successful that since then the clinic has used aluminum hydroxide and similar substances on 3000 patients, and ampholytes are now used wherever there are ulcers. With these drugs, treatment can be "liberalized." Patients can consume a greater variety of food and drink, with the welcome result that the thin ones gain weight and strength quickly. Besides this, as the chemicals are not absorbed through the intestines, there is little danger of harm. In acute cases very large doses can be used, dripped continuously through a stomach tube, if need be. Dr. E. N. Collins recently reported in the *Journal* of the American Medical Association that in spite of the great recent increase in ulcer cases, there has been no corresponding increase of patients needing surgery for relief. From this we infer that medical treatment with aluminum hydroxide does a lot of good for a lot of patients and saves many from surgery.

IV

Another new treatment (this is still in the experimental stage) is feedings with amino acids. Though food chemists call these substances acids because of their chemical structure, they are not searing liquids within the common meaning of acids but basic chemicals of which meat, milk and cheese are built. They are foods requiring acid for their digestion and therefore potential acid neutralizers. Their advantage over ampholytes is that they nourish the body while canceling

stomach acid. Preliminary tests on twenty-seven patients at the New York University College of Medicine were astounding: in twenty-four hours, the pains of fourteen patients stopped; at the end of forty-eight hours, the rest were comfortable.

Yet another experiment is concerned with pepsin, which, it will be remembered, acts along with acid to make holes in stomach walls. To neutralize it, doctors have tried detergents, of which the best seems to be sodium alkyl sulfate, called NAS. In a series of tryouts which Drs. S. J. Fogelson and D. E. Shoch made on thirty-four stubborn ulcer cases, twenty-six responded favorably. In a few cases, though, pain returned after NAS was stopped. This means, of course, that the drug is not a panacea but may be a help in cases which do not get relief from standard alkalis or ampholytes. An interesting thing about NAS is that it seems to stimulate mucus secretion. Since mucus protects against both acid and pepsin, this finding may open up an entirely new medical approach to peptic ulcer.

When medical treatment fails, surgery may be used to cut the ulcer out. Stomach surgery has now advanced to the stage where a number of different operations can be performed with a reasonable assurance of success and great safety. A man can even do without his stomach, if necessary, and the new availability of blood and plasma is an insurance against shock from the operation itself.

Surgery can save a man when his

ulcer seems about to do him in, but even minus his ulcer, he is still an ulcer patient. As Dr. Frank H. Lahey of Boston says — and he has done as many ulcer operations as anyone — “Any patient who has had an ulcer can develop another, and, regardless of the extent of surgery, is more likely to have one than the patient who has not had one. . . . I am therefore strongly of the conviction that any patient who has had either radical or conservative surgery for peptic ulcer should be told that, the more accu-

ately he adjusts his eating, drinking and smoking habits for the lowering of the gastric acidity, so much will his chance be lessened of having another ulcer develop.”

From all this it can be seen that medical research and surgery permit a most optimistic view of any ulcer patient's case. And further research may uncover completely the causes of ulcer. But science may never reduce the number of too-acid worriers nor change a doctor's advice to the chronic dyspeptic: “Be careful.”



I SAW A WHITE BIRD FLYING

By JOHN ROBERT QUINN

I saw a white bird flying
Against the evening sky,
It might have been a heron
Lonely as you or I.

It might have been a figment
Of a tired, bewildered mind,
But the bird was headed homeward,
Leaving the world behind.

It might have been the spirit
Of one whose sleep that day
Had overflowed the borders
Of mortal flesh and clay.

THEY NEVER SAID IT

BY MORRIS ROSENBLUM

WHEN Major James Devereux was liberated from the Japanese prison camp on Hokkaido, September 11, 1945, he observed to his rescuers: "The first thing I would like to get straight is that we did not send out a radio message saying, 'Send us more Japs.' We had all the Japs and more than we could handle then and there."

Prefaced by a note of caution, the story of the message had first appeared in a Honolulu dispatch dated December 16, 1941:

Take it for what it's worth, but this is the story that has been circulating in Honolulu.

When Navy officials established contact with the Marine garrison defending tiny Wake Island, they asked, "Is there anything you want?" "Yes," came the reply, "Send us more Japs."

Major Devereux's denial indicates that the reporter's implication of doubt had been well-advised. Many other well-known sayings of history were also never made by the persons credited with their authorship. Sometimes, as in this instance, the author is anonymous; in other cases, the true

author is known. But almost invariably, the inventors of memorable statements have been inspired by a dramatic feeling that an epic situation demands an epic phrase.

Major Devereux may be more successful in shaking off the legend attached to his name than was another military leader, General Pierre Jacques Etienne Cambronne of Napoleon's army. When the Old Guard was being hacked to pieces at Waterloo, General Cambronne was called upon by the English to surrender. Two days after the battle, Rougemont, a French journalist noted for his ability to coin a *mot*, wrote that Cambronne had answered, "*La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas*," to the effect that the Old Guard dies but never surrenders.

During the rest of his life, Cambronne vehemently denied that he had ever said this. He maintained, like Devereux, that the situation did not call for such a statement. He argued that he could not have said it, for he had not died but he had surrendered. Nevertheless, the legend lived on and the famous words were inscribed on

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Cambronne's monument in his hometown of Nantes.

Cambronne did say something to the English officer demanding his surrender, but it was a short message, a little stronger than General Anthony McAuliffe's exclamation of "Nuts!" at Bastogne. It was a five-letter word for which the French euphemism since Waterloo has been "*le mot de Cambronne*." According to Sacha Guitry, whose one-act play, *Le Mot de Cambronne*, is based on the legend, the only rhyme for it in French is *perde*.

II

What a famous person should have said at a critical moment sometimes occurs to a historian years later. However, the coiner of the phrase may not always realize that the person who should have said it was not in a position to utter aphorisms or maxims at the time.

On June 22, 1633, after Galileo had recanted his doctrine of the earth's movement, he is supposed to have stamped on the ground and said, "*E pur si muove*." ("But still it does move.") Broken in spirit, facing the absolute power of the Inquisitors, and having already signed the abjuration, Galileo could not very well have said anything of the kind, whatever may have been in his mind. There is no contemporary reference to this saying. Its first appearance in print has been traced to a book printed in Paris in 1761, more than a hundred years

after Galileo's death, *Les Querelles Littéraires*, by the Abbé Iraitih. The author writes that we are assured of this fact but he fails to say by whom.

Often the name of a famous person is associated with a saying that was actually made, but by someone else. People seemingly prefer to credit *bon mots* to celebrities rather than to unknowns.

For a long time General John J. Pershing was considered the author of the stirring invocation made at the tomb of Lafayette in Paris, July 4, 1917, "Lafayette, we are here." In General Pershing's memoirs, *My Experiences in the World War*, published in 1931, this reference to the authorship of the expression appears:

"Many have attributed this striking utterance to me, and I have often wished that it could have been mine. But I have no recollection of saying anything so splendid. I am sure those words were spoken by Colonel Stanton, and to him must go the credit for so happy and felicitous a phrase."

Colonel Charles E. Stanton, a member of Pershing's staff, had been chosen to speak at the ceremony because of his reputation as an orator. Pershing himself had declined to make a speech but was persuaded to say a few words at the end. Stanton's account, also published in 1931, clinches the case: "When I reached the final utterance of my address, I deliberately stood at soldierly attention, and saluting the tomb, said in loud tones, as though I were calling to the dead, 'Lafayette, we are here.'"

According to Justin McGrath, editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, in whom Stanton had confided, the colonel had kept his peace while Pershing was receiving the credit, trusting that the general would eventually set matters straight, as he did in 1931.

The patriotic slogan, "Millions for Defense but not a cent for Tribute," is often considered the inspiration of Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, American ambassador to France in 1796, and later a member of the mission sent to France to avert an impending war between the two countries. Pinckney's historic words were allegedly delivered in answer to one of Talleyrand's "XYZ" agents, who had demanded a bribe of about \$250,000 before the American representatives could lay their case before the Directory. Later, Pinckney acknowledged that he had never made such a flourish but had answered simply, "It is no, no; not a penny."

The slogan became common currency in Pinckney's time as an expression of the widespread American hostility toward France. Actually it came into being at a banquet in O'Eller's Tavern in Philadelphia, June 18, 1798, in honor of James Marshall, one of the commissioners, upon his return from France. A printed account of the banquet in Claypoole's *American Daily Advertiser*, June 20, 1798, lists it as one of the sixteen toasts offered. Some historians say the author is unknown; others give the credit to a Congress-

man from South Carolina, Robert Goodloe Harper.

Sometimes a colorless, uninspiring remark, when made by a figure of note under conditions which deserved apter statement, is subsequently so polished and refined by others that the final version takes on the qualities of an imperishable maxim. Then the lustrous, renovated phrase passes down the ages in the name of a man who never said it.

A notable example is that cry of defiance in the face of disaster, "All is lost save honor." Its alleged author, Francis I of France, after losing the Battle of Pavia in 1525, was imprisoned by the victor, Charles V. In a letter written to his mother, Louise of Savoy, Francis complained of his misfortune, saying that "of all things there remains to me only honor and life which is safe." This is a word-for-word translation of, "*De toutes choses ne m'est demouré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauve.*" Out of this, later historians fashioned, "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur*" ("All is lost save honor"), a ringing declaration totally different in tone from the original which was more in keeping with Francis' weak character.

Even much more adequate expressions do not always escape advertent or inadvertent revision, and through constant usage the misquotation becomes accepted in place of the original. Many writers and speakers have the idea that "All men are created free and equal" is found in the Declaration of Independence, instead of

"All men are created equal." Another misquotation of the same document substitutes "inalienable" for "unalienable" in the phrase "certain unalienable rights."

"You cannot indict a whole people" is a precept often bandied about in discussions of the treatment to be meted out to Germany and Japan. This is a misquotation from Edmund Burke's speech, *On Moving His Resolution for Conciliation with the Colonies*, March 22, 1775. What Burke actually said was, "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against an whole people." The misquotation raises the moral question of a nation's collective guilt. Burke was not concerned with that, but rather with a problem of legal procedure — the difficulty of indicting an abstract entity like a state, since an indictment must name specific persons.

III

Not all mis-statements are as misleading. Sometimes writers intentionally put words in the mouths of others — words which would have done them credit. And the spurious article reflects so accurately the thought and style of the one to whom it is ascribed that it is accepted as genuine. Every Sunday there appears on the letters and opinion page of the New York *Herald Tribune* a variation of a statement attributed to Voltaire: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." The evidence is that Voltaire said

nothing of the kind, nor did he attempt a fight to the death for Helvetius in whose behalf he is supposed to have spoken.

The origin of the declaration has been traced to a book published in 1906, *Voltaire and His Friends*, by S. G. Tallentyre (pen name of Evelyn Beatrice Hall). In 1758, Helvetius had written *De l'Esprit*, of which Voltaire disapproved. The civil and ecclesiastical authorities did not care for the book either, but for different reasons. Helvetius' life seemed in danger. Frightened, Helvetius declared that he didn't realize the effect the book would create. Voltaire, although he thought it was much ado about nothing, sympathized with the ill-starred author. Miss Tallentyre's account concludes: "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it," was his attitude now."

Notice that she does not say that Voltaire ever said or wrote these words. In the style of writers of fictionalized biography, she places in quotes what she assumed was Voltaire's attitude. Scholars searched through all of Voltaire's writings to find the original, but in vain. Finally, in 1935 Miss Tallentyre explained, "I did not intend to imply that Voltaire used these words verbatim, and should be much surprised if they are found in any of his works." Passages embodying a similar thought have been found in Voltaire's works but none so trenchant as Miss Tallentyre's own happy invention.

In another instance of literary deception, a waggish author concocted an origin for one of our oldest folk-sayings in order to reverse its meaning. In current usage "Tell it to the Marines" casts an implication of gullibility on the soldiers of the sea. The true source for the expression is lost in the mists of history, but for almost thirty years a retired Marine officer, probably resenting the derogatory connotation of these words, had scholars convinced that they were first used by Samuel Pepys — and used, moreover, to denote that Marines are wise and all-knowing.

Major William Price Drury of the Royal Marine Light Infantry wrote a collection of stories in 1904 called *The Tadpole of an Archangel, The Petrified Eye, and Other Naval Stories*. The stories are forgotten but not so the preface. According to Drury's preface, Charles II and Samuel Pepys were discussing naval matters in St. James Park one autumn morning in 1664. Pepys was relating some tall tales that he had heard from a sea captain who claimed to have seen shoals of flying fish. For confirmation about the fish, King Charles turned to a Marine colonel, who affirmed that flying fish existed for he had seen them. Accepting the Marine's statement as proof, the King said to Pepys, "From the very nature of their calling, no class of Our subjects can have so wide a knowledge of seas and lands as the officers and men of Our loyal Maritime Regiment. Henceforward, ere ever we cast doubts upon a tale that

lacketh likelihood, we will first tell it to the Marines!"

Drury used this invented yarn to assure readers that his stories could be believed. In fact, the entire preface built up to the punch-line that his stories "were first told to the Marines." Critics were duped by Drury's preface and commented on the change of meaning in the expression since Pepys' time. Years later, after a thorough search through all available Pepys material had failed to reveal the source of Drury's information, Brigadier General George Richards of the United States Marine Corps, evidently another Pepys scholar, finally wrote to the British officer. The latter replied:

"It is a leg pull of my youth of which I have grown a little ashamed. I seem to have forged the style of Samuel Pepys so successfully that many of our comrades have wasted their time hunting through the diary to verify my statement."

Such are some of the ways in which these and many other famous sayings have been credited to persons who never made them. Thanks are really due to their inventors, for our language and literature, our history and folklore would be poorer without them. No real damage is done to the reputation of authors credited with statements they never made. Some, it is true, never could have said it, but others should have, and still others would have, if only they had thought of it at the time.

THE LIBRARY

Anti-Fascist Novels

BY DIANA TRILLING

ALTHOUGH I should hardly have guessed that, at this date, a book like Erich Maria Remarque's *Arch of Triumph*,¹ which deals with the plight of refugees in the period just before the war, could still be so successful, my own lack of enthusiasm for it is not to be ascribed to any weariness with its theme. So far as its effect upon individuals is concerned, the refugee situation has been scarcely touched by our novelists; and after all, it is for this kind of enlightenment that we read fiction. Despite the fact, however, that Mr. Remarque clearly intended his novel to be a very human story, his human terms are so insignificant that I could feel no commitment to his characters, and consequently I could feel no proper emotion about the larger situation for which they are meant to speak.

The hero of *Arch of Triumph* is one Ravic, a German non-Jewish anti-Nazi who has escaped from a German concentration camp and lives in Paris without passport or *carte d'identité*.

¹ \$3.00. Appleton-Century.

Although he is an excellent doctor, Ravic is not allowed to practice; he must earn his living doing secret operations for fashionable but incompetent French surgeons. And he must be constantly on the alert against arrest and deportation. Homeless, without personal, economic or professional freedom, Ravic drinks, falls in love and waits for the inevitable war which is his only hope of ever again having legal decent status. He represents all the dispossessed victims of Nazi terror, at the same time that he serves as an indictment of a supposedly anti-Nazi world which allowed the refugees from Hitlerism such a needless prolongation of suffering.

From even this brief outline it should be clear that Mr. Remarque's book is a work of political good will. But a synopsis cannot of course suggest why its hero is such an inadequate personification of the plight of the refugees. This is a matter of the page-by-page writing of Ravic's character — of his cheap cynicism, tawdry wis-

DIANA TRILLING is the fiction critic for the Nation. She is currently preparing a one-volume selection of the works of P. M. Ullrich.

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dom and romantic posturings. For Mr. Remarque's hero takes his place in the well-established tradition of hardboiled sentimentalism: the brand of Ravic's sexual skepticism, like the emphasis upon the brand of his favorite liquor and his alcoholic capacity, has been long familiar to us from the work of the boys in the back room; his feeling for prostitutes is the familiar literary cliché of tender-tough rebelliousness. And his prodigies of medical skill have more than a touch of Dr. Kildare-ism. A person of small intellectual or emotional consequence, actually a shoddy character, Ravic can generate very little concern for either his own fate or the fate of the whole refugee group which he is supposed to represent.

We have often encountered this contradiction in our literature of social and political good will — the contradiction between the weight of the theme and the size of the characters who carry it. In the case of *Arch of Triumph*, however, the disparity cannot be charged to a wrong assumption about the relative importance of human beings and historical circumstances. Mr. Remarque would clearly wish his hero to be a big individual. There is no mistaking his healthy regard for the worth of people. If Ravic and his companions lack dignity and meaningfulness, it is not because their author subordinates people to the historical process of which they are a part, but simply because he mistakes gestures and sentimentalism for courage and thoughtfulness. Quite prop-

erly, it is by the fate of the individual in a society that Mr. Remarque judges the society. The failure of *Arch of Triumph*, in other words, is a failure of taste and discrimination; it is not what I would call a moral failure — a distinction which, in these days of significant literary immorality, is intended to say a great deal in Mr. Remarque's favor. There have been few novels of good will, particularly on the anti-fascist theme, for which I could say as much.

II

With the war over, we begin to have perspective on the fiction that grew out of the anti-fascist struggle. I do not refer to the novels about the war itself, but to the novels about the fascist terror, about resistance and refugees. There have been scores of books on these related themes — novels set in Germany, in Italy or in the occupied countries, novels of serious purpose and anti-fascist thrillers, novels written by people who had themselves experienced the horrors of fascist persecution and novels conceived at a comfortable distance from the actual scenes of suffering. Yet despite the quantity and variety, one recalls barely a handful of books that even approached the possibilities of their subject. What is striking, indeed, is the almost uniformly low level of achievement.

Probably the best novels produced by the fascist situation were Silone's. Himself a refugee from Italian fas-

cism, Silone has stayed with the Italian scene. His first and most charming book was *Fontamara* — a description of the response of a village of Italian peasants to the arrival of Mussolini's men.

The fine and ironic humor of *Fontamara* disappeared in *Bread and Wine* and *Seed on the Snow*, where Silone goes on to consider some of the spiritual problems produced by modern conflicts, especially by revolutionary activity; but it is replaced by an intensity of thought and emotion that raises Silone's work far above the run of anti-fascist fiction. If only for the questions Silone asks, if not for his answers, his novels are outstanding in contemporary literature.

Or one recalls Arthur Koestler's *Arrival and Departure*, or Joseph Freeman's *Call No Retreat*. Mr. Koestler's novel is an investigation of the psychological motives of the impulse to radicalism. It belongs in the anti-Nazi category not merely because its central character has been harassed by the Nazis but because it deals with a major intellectual problem of the period which culminated in a triumphant Hitlerism. Whatever its shortcomings both as fiction and dialectic, it is distinguished for isolating, and trying to cope with, one of the great moral conflicts created by the modern political world, the conflict between free will and determinism in political action. Mr. Freeman's novel, *Call No Retreat*, attempts both more and less than Mr. Koestler's and is neither as readable nor as provocative. It would put the

contemporary struggle into its place in history, and it would also examine some of the immediate psychological effects of Nazism. Predominantly soft in its thinking, it yet rates high among anti-Nazi novels for the large human suggestiveness of its chapters laid in a German concentration camp.

Having named these few titles, one is hard put to it to extend the list. There have been some successful thrillers — the novels of Helen MacInnes; Ethel Vance's *Escape*; the novels of Martha Albrand — but as one looks back over the more ambitious efforts it would seem as if the greater the literary pretension the more marked the inadequacy. Both morally and artistically, even the most serious performances have a poverty which we trace to their common premise that man is as nothing compared to the social condition or idea which victimizes him or which he serves. Their poor literary quality reflects the low valuation of human life in our contemporary culture.

An underestimation of the worth of individual human beings appears to be the dominant moral attitude of all our anti-Nazi fiction. It is an attitude notably exemplified in the novels of Anna Seghers, *The Seventh Cross* and *Transit*. *The Seventh Cross* is the story of an escape from a German concentration camp. Its hero is a person of great ingenuity and courage. But despite his tremendous acts of bravery, he moves by a kind of automatism of social spirit; he is first a symbol of resistance, and only second, if at all, a

person. Even his prodigious attempt to escape the Gestapo is directed to the prisoners left behind him rather than to himself; it is as if his author would consider the impulse to self-preservation an undignified and unheroic one, the self being of so little importance in the modern plan of things.

And this same devaluation of the individual is even more pronounced in Miss Seghers's second novel, *Transit*, which concerns a group of refugees waiting for visas to leave Europe. The story is remarkable for its lack of sympathy for its minor characters — all the poor devils who line up day after day at the consulates and shipping offices; but it is even more remarkable for its cruel joke of a plot, in which a character who presumably has the writer's full approval is allowed to perpetrate a whole series of horrible, gratuitous deceptions upon the heroine. From *Transit*, in fact, one has the impression of a literary imagination incapable of salvaging any convincing decency from the mess and horror of the European situation.

And I cite Miss Seghers's two novels only as examples of the characteristic moral attitude of almost all the anti-fascist novels I have read. Even where, as in Glenway Westcott's *Apartment in Athens* or in Albert Maltz's *The Cross and the Arrow*, the authors are Americans and can have been only indirectly affected by Hitlerism, we still meet with the same stereotypes of response to terror and an almost identical moral tone.

III

We have recently been told that the prisoners in concentration camps, with the passing of time, began to make more and more of a spiritual identification with their jailers. This observation is carried to very striking conclusions in an article in *Commentary* (January, 1946) by Dr. Leo Lowenthal, called "Terror's Atomization of Man." Surveying the whole of our present-day morality in terms of the profound shock to which we have been either directly or indirectly exposed in these recent years, Dr. Lowenthal finds that under this pressure, individual human life has become increasingly devaluated. Man has become so inconsequential a factor in the mechanically ruthless modern scheme, that he has ceased to have even physical worth. And human life having become so cheap, moral values have also become cheap; indeed, the old moral criteria have begun to disappear from our world.

Certainly, our anti-Nazi fiction could be used in documentation of Dr. Lowenthal's very sound thesis. The ease with which the anti-Nazi theme has lent itself to thrillers, and the similarity of moral attitude in our spy stories or political melodramas and in our most serious anti-fascist fiction, would seem especially to confirm his conclusions. Frankly commercial writing always expresses a culture most directly; and thrillers are predicated, so to speak, on the cheapness of human life. In fact, one important reason for

the popularity of detective fiction is that it relaxes the moral tensions produced by a normal valuation of people. When we see, then, so little difference of approach on the part of our anti-fascist spy stories and our ambitious anti-fascist literature, I think we must admit the deep penetration into our contemporary morality of thriller standards.

Perhaps the only distinction one can note between the ordinary commercial performances and other anti-Nazi fiction is in the amount of rationalizing of attitude in which their authors indulge. Commonly, the writer of a spy or chase story doesn't trouble to state the moral justifications for the behavior of his characters. If they are ruthless and cruel, they are villainous — and no explanations are required; and if they are brave and quick and operating on the author's own side, they are designated as good people, whatever the unpleasant acts they may be forced to perform in the line of duty. Moral motivations are taken pretty much for granted. In serious fiction, on the other hand, insight into moral motivation is of the essence of the creative process. Conduct must be understood and explained. However, as we compare the anti-fascist thrillers and the serious anti-fascist novels, we see that even this distinction has in large part broken

down: the serious books more and more ignore the morality of their conduct, while the thrillers go in for more and more rationalization of theirs. Thus, we are likely to find just about as much complication of thought and feeling in the hero of an espionage novel who commits a murder as in the hero of a serious novel; and I can recall no thriller that indulges in so much detailed sadistic phantasy as, say, Stefan Heym's *Hostages*, which purported to be a thoughtful literary effort.

The close relation between the literary quality of a novel and its moral premises is obvious. The very prose of a book is an aspect of its moral intention; fiction, especially, speaks the language of its heart. And in style, too, the anti-fascist potboilers and the anti-fascist serious novels draw ever nearer to each other, each becoming ever more falsely poetical in language, until, with a book like, for example, Kay Boyle's *Avalanche*, we can scarcely make the categorical distinction. Perhaps — as would seem to be indicated by our thrillers — something in the human heart is sufficiently offended by the horror of modern life to wish at least to mask it with poetical language. On the other hand — as would seem to be indicated by our serious novels — perhaps this false poeticism is merely the last deception the human heart will practice on itself.



THE CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 389)

operations. Extensive and well-deserved tribute is paid to individual fighting men, but the Navy itself also pops up continually as a flawless hero, unsullied by any breath of criticism. Although the book draws on official sources and incorporates a good deal of newly-revealed information, its omissions are more striking than its inclusions. Radar receives only two or three passing mentions in the entire text. Enormous areas of command, strategy and tactics remain under wraps. Occasional inaccuracies creep into the slight references to other services. Despite its engaging presentation, *Battle Report* stands as further evidence that military men are occupationally unfit to write their own history.

THE GREAT STEWARDSHIP: A Story of Life Insurance, by Albert W. Atwood. \$2.50. *Harper*. This is a rapid popular history of life insurance in the United States, told largely in terms of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey, which has just celebrated the one-hundredth anniversary of its establishment, and is the fourth oldest company in the country. Mr. Atwood makes no pretence to being very profound or very critical. He tells a "favorable" story, but he does take into consideration many of the charges made against several aspects of life insurance, and on the whole he handles them intelligently.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

WHILE YOU WERE GONE, ed. by Jack Goodman. \$3.75. *Simon & Schuster*. Mr. Goodman's symposium is intended to tell veterans what happened in the United States during the war. The twenty-four essays are arranged in five parts: how we thought and behaved, how we were governed, our jobs and how we did them, what we saw, read, and heard, and how we prepared for tomorrow. Most of the chapters are adequate, and some are excellent, notably Paul Gallico's stylized

but informative account of events in the news, Russell Lord's piece on agriculture, Margaret Mead's discussion of women, and Milton Caniff's comment on the comic strips. There is plenty of ground that isn't covered, but the book remains a superior piece of journalism, as interesting and useful to stay-at-homes as to veterans.

POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION, by Karl Loewenstein. \$4.00. *Macmillan*. This book started out to be a political philosopher's full dress assault on the hallowed principle restated in the Atlantic Charter as the right of all peoples to choose their own form of government. In the writing, however, things seem to have gotten out of hand, and the volume swelled into a discursive handbook for statesmen on how to resurrect European democracy. Dr. Loewenstein's basic thesis, supported by a wealth of historical and contemporary evidence, is this: governments are of two varieties — democratic and autocratic, the former pacific in tendency, the latter bellicose; the rebirth of democracy in Europe (and consequently the maintenance of peace) will be encouraged by renunciation of the dogma of internal self-determination. "Autocracy should be declared a non-permissible choice as a form of government." Although enlightening when it remains on a theoretical level, the book takes on an academic aridity when it attempts to deal practically with problems of the moment. The author avoids discussing both the means and consequences of democratic intervention, and, with even greater timidity, refuses to locate Russia in either the democratic or autocratic category.

TREASURY FOR THE FREE WORLD, ed. by Ben Raeburn. \$3.50. *Arco*. This large collection of wartime essays originally published in the magazine, *Free World*, reflects that journal's dedication to international understanding and its association of economic and political democracy.

Otherwise the offerings have little in common, either in subject matter or quality. Senator Kilgore rakes cartels; Thomas Mann contributes a moving and poetic essay on the tragedy of Germany; Darryl F. Zanuck says that the films are important; Marshal Tito presents an important document on the Yugoslav liberation movement; Gunnar Myrdal skillfully dissects the Negro issue in America; Max Lerner writes vividly about Russia. It is a book of good will, and in their generous sympathies, the authors sometimes avoid important problems. But a lot of the temper and a little of the knowledge upon which a free world may one day be built are embodied here.

KEY TO JAPAN, by Willard Price. \$3.50. *John Day*. This book, aimed directly at American occupation troops, pleads for their understanding of the conquered enemy. Although the volume contains lots of diverting and some significant information, few will gain much understanding from it. It so savagely debunks everything about the Japanese that no real analysis of them ever emerges. For example, even their sensitivity to natural beauty is nothing in their favor; having so much beauty around to be sensitive to, they can't help it. Then in the next breath, Mr. Price also pounces on the scenery. "Japan is beautiful because it is so worthless." Scattered through the book are a few good suggestions for reconstructing Japan but nowhere are they developed or integrated. The style resembles that of a third grade primer.

SOUTHERN HORIZONS, by William Haynes. \$2.75. *Van Nostrand*. This is the story of the new revolution in the South — a revolution spawned in the laboratory and on the experimental farm. Wise Southerners have long realized that an industrial supplement to their agricultural economy — based largely on two staple crops, cotton and tobacco — is essential. Domination of world markets by American cotton, once the South's most important source of livelihood, is a thing of the past. Faced with the competition of foreign growers who consistently undercut our artificially maintained cotton prices and with the competition of rayon and other synthetics, Southerners of necessity must turn to new products and to the

development of new uses for old ones. The answer will come from chemurgic research. The purpose of Mr. Hayne's book is not to set forth a "ready-made plan of economic salvation," but rather to report the industrial and agricultural developments which point the way to a new era for the region Franklin D. Roosevelt once called "the nation's economic problem No. 1." His survey is readable and informative.

FICTION

FOREVER POSSESS, by Alexandra Phillips. \$2.75. *Dutton*. One more historical novel, with all of the usual vices and none of the occasional virtues of its genre. Set among the merchants and patroons of the Hudson River Valley in the late seventeenth century, the book follows the struggles of its wooden heroine as she wins mastery over her wooden husband's aristocratic heart and lordly estate. The villains in this idyll of a feudalistic society are the low, sneaking democrats whose revolt brought an elective assembly to the least democratic of the English colonies.

I WILL BE GOOD, by Hester Chapman. \$2.50. *Houghton Mifflin*. A period novel set in an atmosphere of tawdry wealth, this dark romance concerns the machinations of a Victorian lady novelist who, more or less unconsciously, fashions a real life melodrama between books. The characters at hand include the frisky but impressionable daughter of a French industrial tycoon, her titled fop of a husband, and a handsome Byronic interloper. A hand-me-down mistress is also lurking about to make things more unpleasant whenever she can. The treatment of the leading lady's high-minded meddling is done with extraordinary psychological insight, but it is swamped in the rococo opulence of the story as a whole.

WASTELAND, by Jo Sinclair. \$2.50. *Harper*. A searching and extraordinary novel of character. Jake Braunowitz (Jack Brown) denies his family and his Jewishness and yet he can't break away from them or his religious feeling. Sent to a psychiatrist by his sister Deborah, the only one of his family who he believes has any strength, he is made to see the people and the events of his life in their proper perspective.

(Continued on page 510)

THE OPEN FORUM

HATE-MONGERS AMONG THE CLERGY

SIR: I have read John Roy Carlson's article, "Hate-Mongers Among the Clergy" in the March American Mercury with great interest, sympathy, and agreement on almost all points. We preachers have to take the rap for the charlatans — the G. L. K. Smiths and Father Coughlins — in our midst, just as the medical profession blushes for its quacks and the legal profession shudders at its shysters.

By way of rebuttal, however, it might well be said that Mr. Carlson missed a very good opportunity to pin a well-deserved rose on the modest lapel of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. The only mention made of this body in the article was that it "has no jurisdiction over mushrooming evangelical groups." The obvious reason for this is that such groups not only do not belong to the Federal Council, but are usually its outspoken and sworn enemies.

It ought to be pointed out that the Federal Council has been one sturdy minority that has, more than any other single group, stood for the things that make peace and freedom. The Commission on the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace, headed by John Foster Dulles, came up with a program of internationalism which, had it been followed, would have given us a far more potent UNO than we now have. On every issue, from that of race right down the line, the Federal Council has stood for the basic philosophy of democracy. It has even dared to practice democracy in its own organization, a fact which may limit its power over its members, but does not inhibit its vitality, nor its unity on essential issues.

Mr. Carlson might look apprehensively at the strength of prewar isolationism among member groups. But this isolationism was purely military. At the same time the churches were striving vainly to keep this country out of war, their missionaries were practicing a real and powerful internationalism, which was all that saved our national face in the Far East and the Southwest Pacific, as many soldiers will attest. The debt owed by the United States and the United Na-

tions to the middle-of-the-road churches of this country has not been publicized enough.

REV. NATHANAEL M. GUPTILL
*Minister, First Congregational Church
South Portland, Me.*

NAVIES ARE FINISHED

SIR: I wish to commend you for publishing Major Alexander P. de Seversky's splendid article, "Navies Are Finished," in the February American Mercury. I feel it is time that the American people were awakened to the danger that lies ahead, if they do not heed Major de Seversky's warnings.

I have been mystified for years because many people have not been able to see what the possibilities of air power are. As for believing that air power rather than sea power is our "first line of defense," the average American simply does not believe it. For example, after reading Major de Seversky's article, I decided to question everyone I met about aviation and its place in our national defense. I talked to at least two dozen people, and everyone of them was astonished because I was "so easily impressed," as one man put it. One woman in particular, I think, most perfectly exemplifies the uninformed, disinterested public. When I asked her whether she thought we should concentrate on building up air power or sea power as our first line of defense, she gave me a withering look and said, "Why, what a foolish question! The Navy has done a superlative job of protecting us for 150 years. Surely, it can carry on its work just as effectively for a few hundred more years."

When I attempted to show her how wrong she was by pointing out a few pertinent facts about air power, she interrupted me to say, "Oh, fiddlesticks! That's just a lot of old propaganda. You know as well as I that the Navy won this war. What more proof do you need of its supremacy?"

Why must people cling to the past so tenaciously, letting it distort their judgment of the future? After staging my "one woman survey,"

there is one thing that I know: if people persist in burying common sense in the mouldy confines of tradition, staking our future safety in building up sea power instead of air power, we will wake up some fine morning, like the Japs did, with a terrific "atomicache."

ADELAIDE COKER

Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR: Major de Seversky's article is convincing — at least to a layman ignorant of the refinements of warfare — but his belief that the Navy is done for is no excuse for misusing the lingo of the sea. There is no such thing as "thirty knots an hour." A knot is "a unit of speed equivalent to one nautical mile an hour; as, when a ship goes eight nautical miles an hour, her speed is eight knots."

B. W. HUEBSCH

New York City.

WEST POINT AND CONSCRIPTION

SIR: Having read Arthur E. Morgan's article, "Conscription and the West Point Mind," in the February AMERICAN MERCURY, I wish to go on record as being flatly opposed to compulsory military training. Look at the record of compulsory training in those countries which have endured it. Did it save France? Did it ever keep a country out of war? Further, it ultimately leads to the making of wars. Look at Germany and Japan. If compulsory military training in peacetime is necessary for the winning of wars, how does it happen that the U. S. has won all its wars without it?

Peacetime conscription would lead to the growth of a powerful military clique. It was military stupidity that built the Maginot line. It was military stupidity that brought us into the recent war without long range bombers and adequate mechanized equipment. It was military stupidity that made Pearl Harbor possible. And it is military stupidity which wishes to commit us to warships as a first line of defense when any school boy knows that a powerful air force is the only first line of defense worth a nickel in this day and age. We don't want our youth indoctrinated with that brand of stupidity.

LV L. MILLER

Salem, Ore.

SIR: Thank you a thousand times for your excellent article, "Conscription and the West Point Mind," by Arthur E. Morgan. We still need more published against conscription. . . .

Now let us have a good article in favor of doing away with peacetime conscription on a universal basis, which action is embodied in the Martin resolution. We can get other nations to follow us in this if we only work at it half as hard as we did to win the war.

ETHEL K. MILLAR

Conway, Ark.

GOOD REPORTERS

SIR: In the February MERCURY, I read Stanley Walker's article, "What Makes a Good Reporter." In the light of my experience as a newspaperman, I offer the following commentary.

The question is much more basic than the one Walker poses. We must rather begin with, "What makes a good newspaper?" and how this policy is immutably deputized through all staff levels right down to the obedient old reporter who has long since learned to handle the news exactly as it fits the notions of the front office. Who is to interpret the word "good," as used here? Do the great majority of American newspapers consider the "good" of the people, or the "good" of the advertiser? I leave the answer to the less naïve.

Upton Sinclair pointed out many embarrassing truths in *The Brass Check*, a volume little credited among the older members of the journalistic brotherhood. And it is precisely by these old-timers that I am most deeply disillusioned. Here is a group of talented men, who found long ago that there is no by-line or high-salaried future in the game unless there is a soul-killing knuckling down to the most minute principles of journalism in its role as dominant prop to American big business.

Yet Mr. Walker is dismayed to find the newcomers to journalism ". . . exceedingly serious-minded. They worry a great deal about labor relations and the international situation and social changes. They do not seem to have much fun."

Mr. Walker's grief at seeing the spineless old school being replaced by the serious-minded needs no comment. It's largely true, I'm glad to recall from my own experience. But unfortunately it may be a long time before old age and uselessness oust the Stanley Walkers and their complacent ilk from their mighty seats. The new generation has seen what has happened to this planet as a consequence of the errors and indifference of this older generation. All is not well with the world, or with America, and correcting the situation will be a question of re-educating human-

ity, starting right here in America. And starting here, we should begin with that primary educator — the American newspaper.

A newspaperman's cynicism is proverbial, but Mr. Walker failed to touch on the proper reasons. His cynicism develops because he is bitterly aware that as an instrument of the very institution that could do most in resolving the world's hatreds and injustices, he must instead abandon himself to the very antithesis of this principle.

I am one of the budding newcomers who cannot share Mr. Walker's "sense of futility over most human endeavor." I am convinced that man's salvation is quite possible and lies within his reach; I am convinced too that man is just as responsible for all his present ills as he is for all his material and cultural gains.

Mr. Walker need not hint that his generation gave up the struggle as futile long ago. We have world-wide evidences of it. My generation — I am twenty-six — feels sure that on the level of science, humanity will find the key to world salvation; I believe it is up to us to advance the lagging cause of the brotherhood of man, which has no apparent place in the policies set forth in "What Makes a Good Reporter."

The errors of Mr. Walker's retiring dynasty may have left disillusionment in their wake; but not to the extent that we newcomers to journalism will be guided by their sense of futility and passiveness.

DOMINIC M. PIZZUTI

LaSalle, Ill.

THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

SIR: In the February AMERICAN MERCURY were two articles whose relationship was readily apparent. One was "What's Wrong With Our GIs Abroad?", and the other "Conscription and the West Point Mind," which should have been written after World War I. The two articles are related in that the cause of the condition described in the first springs from the conditions described in the second.

The poor behavior of the GIs overseas is due to a number of reasons. Most of the soldiers in the armies of occupation are combat men, trained for a job that is now over. Most of them were drafted into the service against their will and have no desire to stay in the service a day longer than it holds them. The incentive that held men together during combat, the attempt not to let the other fellow down, no longer exists. The Army has not supplied an incentive, which is the prime requisite for high morale. To say that

there is still a job to do is weak persuasion when by doing that job they feel that somebody is making suckers of them.

If, as has been charged, the GIs who demonstrated to return home were under misapprehensions as to the importance of the task they are doing, whose fault is it they have not been adequately informed? Is it not the place of the Army to train its men for whatever task they must do? And is not an understanding of the "why" of the job necessary? The old saw, "Yours not to reason why," is hardly an acceptable answer.

The soldiers themselves share the blame for their ignorance of the necessity of occupation of Germany and Japan, if that ignorance exists. Realizing that the men were suspicious of any printed word that had the slightest aroma of propaganda, the Army tended to withhold the truth or to color news and historical facts to suit its own policy.

The Army did its men a great injustice in not putting *Yank* on the newsstands. The "Mail Call" of this magazine and the "B-Bag" of the European *Stars and Stripes* revealed the temper of the enlisted men toward the Army and its use and abuse of authority. The gripes, some admittedly petty, were not entirely ignored by some in authority, but it is hardly likely that attempts of those sympathetic officers to make changes in the Army will have any lasting effect. West Point, as Arthur E. Morgan's article shows, has taken care of that.

The injustices of keeping *Yank* off the newsstands lie in the fact that the general public has been kept ignorant of how the Army treats its men. Instances where the Army was indeed generous and understanding are many, but they cannot undo the ill effects of the stupid, degrading, inconsiderate, asinine, demoralizing elements which have existed in far greater numbers. For its internal ills the Army has taken aspirin and sedatives, while what is really needed is surgery.

The cause of the unrest and low morale of enlisted men is the Army itself. Undue special privileges for the officers and the abuse of legitimate privileges, absence of redress for injustices inflicted by superiors, contempt for the integrity and self respect of the enlisted man, are frequent humiliations. The sickness lies in the Army system. Reform at West Point and in the Army is essential if we are to have a powerful fighting force. Conscription without satisfactory training is an inadequate measure. Leadership that fails to look ahead and to lead and to instill confidence betrays the trust placed in it. It appears that

nearly everybody realizes this except, if we are to judge them by their past performances, the Army and West Point.

As a veteran and as a citizen of the United States I thank you for those two articles.

EMIL KLIMACK

Harmony, Pa.

EDUCATIONAL EQUALITY

SIR: I want to commend you for your January article by John Norton on "The Myth of Educational Equality." He does well to point out the deplorable state of the nation's educational system and the need for a greater sense of national responsibility for citizenship training in the less literate sections of our country. I note that nine of the ten states spending the least per child for education comprise what is known as the Mid-South. He attributes their miserably low ratings to a school tax effort which, while at a 15 per cent greater tax-to-income ratio than the ten states spending the most per child, is levied against per capita incomes 60 per cent to 75 per cent lower than in these same top ten.

However Mr. Norton overlooks a major reason for the burdensome school taxes in the South. This is the practice of providing dual educational facilities for white and colored. Low incomes in the South are often the result of wage and race discrimination. (If for no other reason than to raise the tax base of Mississippi, lowest in U. S., Senator Bilbo should support FEPC!) Until wages increase and discriminations cease, the Southern states must be helped. But rather than subsidize their present costly and undemocratic school systems, federal money should be used only where so-called "separate but equal" education is abolished, for in practice such education results inevitably in lowered standards for white children and miserable standards for colored. In eliminating this duplication, Dr. William A. Neilson, president of Smith College, maintains, we insure "the right of every child, Negro and white, to a sound, basic education."

Mr. Norton's timely disclosure of the plight of Southern education leads us to share Dr. Neilson's confidence that "the tremendous cost to the states of maintaining equal dual school systems will eventually destroy segregation and make possible the establishment of a single, sound educational system for all children." We should provide no less for the citizens of tomorrow if we are to save the United States from the fascism of some future Long, Hitler, or Bilbo.

F. KENNETH MAYER

Imola, Calif.

SIR: Mr. Mayer's letter raises a number of social and educational problems of great complexity and difficulty. These cannot be adequately dealt with in any brief statement such as this.

One comment which I would make with confidence, however, is that nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of providing every American child, without exception, with some decent minimum of educational opportunity. This is not being done now. It should be done immediately and neither idealistic considerations nor practical difficulties should be permitted to prevent it.

JOHN K. NORTON

New York City.

SIR: Professor Norton's discourse upon "The Myth of Educational Equality" admirably calls attention to some serious faults in our educational system—or lack of system. The defects are painfully patent; however, his remedy is scarcely worthy an educator of his standing. Also his illustration of the Land Grant colleges at the end of his dissertation indicates that he is not too familiar with the federal touch.

IRA D. CARDIFF

Yakima, Wash.

CONSISTENCY OF STALIN

SIR: To hold, as David J. Dallin does in his article, "The Consistency of Stalin," in the January issue, that Stalin adheres to the revolutionary tradition through all his shifts in strategy, and that current developments in Russia are not indicative of a reversion to czarist imperialism, is to fly in the face of obvious facts.

Anyone can see that the Soviet Union's greed for new territories and spheres of influence is nothing but an extension of the expansionist programs initiated by the Czars, accompanied by the waving of the red flag. To argue that these aggressions and oppressions are pursued in the interests of socialism is to betray an ignorance of the meaning of the term. Socialism has no need or excuse for duplicity, temporary expedients or subjugation of other races.

Further, I believe that Soviet Russia has not succeeded in establishing socialism, nor is her present program calculated to smooth the path to that end. Very likely this program cannot be realized in present-day Russia, for she has not advanced sufficiently along the road of industrial development; Marx has made it plain that socialism can be achieved only in the most

highly industrialized countries. Stalin and his followers, realizing that they could not bridge the gap between semi-feudal czarism and socialism, have resigned themselves to making the best of their bargain. The State has therefore taken over the industries and farms, operating them under a system of state capitalism; the workers are exploited just as they are under private capitalism in other countries — perhaps even more intensely — and what is in reality a dictatorship over the proletariat is made more palatable by giving it a Marxian twist and calling it a dictatorship of the proletariat.

OTTO DITTMANN

Montvale, N. J.

GERMANY TODAY

SIR: THE AMERICAN MERCURY has been doing its bit toward insuring a hard peace for Germany, and thereby, some may think, helping to bring permanent peace. An example is the article by Lewis F. Gittler in the October issue. This article seems designed to give the impression that the Germans are a bad lot and deserve no consideration. Mr. Gittler doesn't appear to be a very good psychologist when he speaks of "the inevitable self-pity of all Germans." This statement is typical of the psychological illiteracy which is one of the greatest obstacles to civilized living. This obstacle is the tendency to classify all people into two sharply divided groups: the "good and the bad," the "saved and the lost," "white and colored," "peace-loving and war-loving," etc. Unless this attitude can be corrected, it is doubtful we will ever deserve peace.

The newspapers and most of the magazines throughout the United States seem bent on whipping up the spirit of vengeance which is always too prevalent without any studied effort. Mass retaliations against all Germans in Europe should have been anticipated by our leaders, and steps taken to prevent it; but instead, our leaders at Yalta and Potsdam apparently agreed to the brutal removal of the entire population of East Prussia and all other Germans outside of the western provinces of Germany proper. The people in East Prussia had lived there for hundreds of years, but all of them were pushed out with about twenty-four hours' notice and driven to that smaller part of Germany without any food, shelter, or protection of any kind, either on the way or after they arrived at their "destination."

It seems that something might be done to alleviate these conditions, instead of encouraging

them. Unless we can stop judging people in masses and begin to emphasize the study and treatment of individuals, we will not be worthy of world leadership.

FRANKLIN EICHER

Wilson N. C.

WHY VETERANS ARE BITTER

SIR: With reference to Willard Waller's article, "Why Veterans are Bitter," in the October MERCURY, I must say it was, without a doubt, the best thing I have read in months. You really have a fellow who is "on the ball," as we would say in G.I. lingo. It certainly would be a good thing if this article ran in every magazine in the country, so more people could read it.

THOMAS B. LEARY

Army Ground Forces Liaison Assistant,

Brooke General Hospital

Fort Sam Houston, Tex.

BLACK MAGIC

SIR: Have just read with amusement somewhat peppered with indignation the letters to "The Open Forum" in regard to Wenzell Brown's article, "Black Magic in the Virgin Islands," which appeared in your October issue.

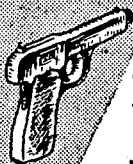
I was stationed at Bourne Field, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, from December, 1939 to October, 1941, and lived with my wife and infant daughter on Denmark Hill, Charlotte Amalie. I never saw or even heard of any of Mr. Brown's so-called "black magic" at any time during my tour of duty.

I will grant that the blacks there are superstitious when it comes to death. They will close all doors of their shops when a funeral procession passes; they will not venture out at night without some head covering — the idea being that it keeps the "dew" off their heads. Why, I don't know, and I daresay they can't explain the reason either. We had several housemaids at one time or another who took complete charge of our daughter, with nothing more serious resulting than that they loved to pass the child off to their black friends as their own when in town on shopping excursions.

The only oddities I ever observed were the slack-jawed tourists who piled ashore for a few hours and then retreated to their ships loaded with native knickknacks, probably bursting with imaginary folk lore concerning "black magic."

J. B. MAC DONALD, USN

Norfolk, Va.



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(Continued from page 504)

THE STARS INCLINE, by Clyde Brion Davis. \$2.75. *Rinehart*. Davis is an oldtime newspaperman who has written a number of books about the newspaper business. His latest effort is little more than a drawn-out rehash of what he has said before and usually said better. The skeleton story is of a young newspaperman becoming an older newspaperman. It's all padded out with a deadly array of inconsequential detail and mystic reflections of how a good reporter acquires a working prescience. If you are interested only in reading one of Davis' better books, pass this one by for *The Great American Novel*.

MRS. PALMER'S HONEY, by Fannie Cook. \$2.50. *Doubleday*. Absorbed in the problems of her family and her duties as Mrs. Palmer's faithful maid, Honey Hoop was neither aware of, nor interested in, the fight which intelligent Americans, both white and black, were making to break down the color barriers which have limited the Negro to second-class citizenship. It was not until she took a job in a St. Louis ammunition factory that she began to understand the goal towards which her brother, Lamb, and others like him were working. This novel deals very skillfully with Honey's transformation from a simple domestic servant into an ardent worker in the cause of equal social and economic opportunity for her race.

FURLOUGH FROM HEAVEN, by Jerome Dreifuss. \$2.50. *Crown Publishers*. Leonardo da Vinci, pictured as a kind of curious, benign, and absent-minded professor with a mouthful of platitudes for every occasion, tired of heavenly monotony back in 1941, and wangled himself a vacation in New York. A precocious little waif guides him in his gaping investigation of modern wonders and in the end provides him with a chance to display some worldly wisdom too. Meanwhile a dead Marine sergeant who accom-

panies Leonardo on the jaunt has less elevating adventures. Some engaging celestial high-jinks and a great deal of corn.

MISCELLANEOUS

LISTENING TO MUSIC CREATIVELY, by Edwin J. Stringham. \$5.00. *Prentice-Hall*. This professes to be a new kind of music appreciation book. It is written not chronologically or biographically, but rather in terms of what music means to the listener — music in the dance, music in religion, music in song, music in the theatre, etc. The idea is a good one, but Dr. Stringham, who is professor of music in Queens College of the City of New York, writes so poorly, and is so feeble in his sense of organization, that his book is pretty much a mess. Both the student and the general reader will find it of little appeal.

MEAT THREE TIMES A DAY, by F. J. Schlink and M. C. Phillips. \$2.50. *Richard R. Smith*. The authors, who are associated with Consumers' Research, here offer a vigorous — and thoroughly documented — plea for a greater consumption of meat because of its almost miraculous food value. "Meat," they say, "is not only man's natural food, but when consumed in abundance and variety, it is also his best insurance against disease."

THE AUSTRALIAN LANGUAGE, by Sidney J. Baker. \$3.00. *Angus and Robertson, Ltd., Sidney, Australia*. The subtitle of this book is rather forbidding: "An Examination of the English Language and English Speech as Used in Australia From Convict Days to the Present, With Special Reference to the Growth of Indigenous Idiom and Its Use by Australian Writers." But while the book is all of that, never has a livelier volume invaded the staid and formidable field of philology. Baker's quiet wit would lend a sparkle to the ancient dust of Sanskrit; coupled with the rollicking, roistering tongue of the Aussies, it creates as vivid academic entertainment as the already fascinating study of words can yield. Yet for all the fun and the rather boisterous tone characteristic of Australia, Baker's book is a full-fledged piece of scholarship; those who look for erudition will find it in plenty. Beautifully ordered, *The Australian Language* — which in readability is closely related to Mencken's *The American Language* — will excite both scholar and layman.

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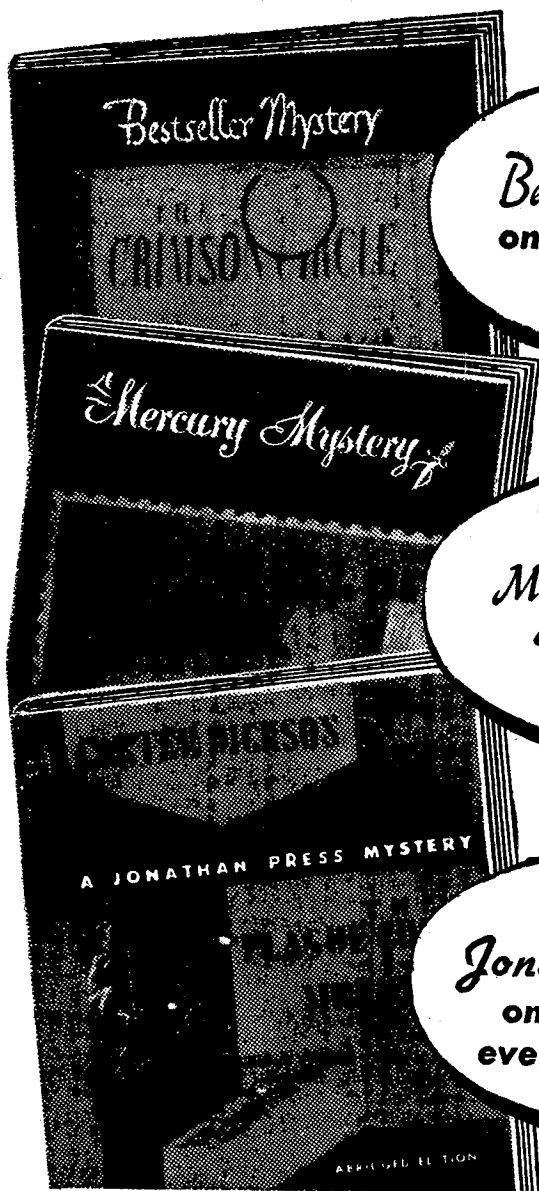
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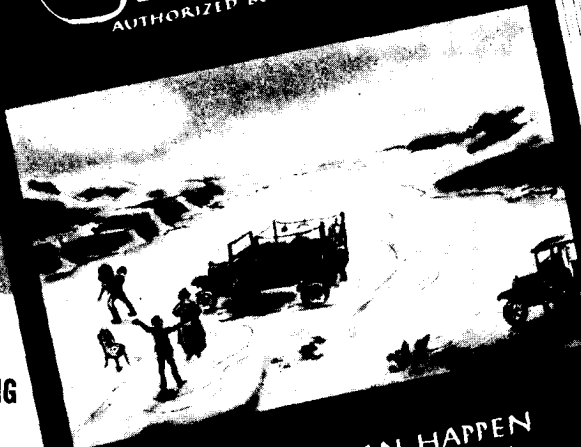
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